THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION June 23, 1956

Strachey on Nehru

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. LI. No. 1319 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1956 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

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Togliatti's Day of Wrath

"THE Soviet model is not and cannot be obligatory any longer." Togliatti's statement has opened up a new phase in the history of Communism. Developing the criticisms advanced by Nenni, he has now repudiated as "un-Marxist" Krushchev's attempt to fasten responsibility for the crimes of an epoch on one man, and he has called for a searching examination of the causes which made the Stalinist terror possible. For Togliatti, the condemnation of Stalin's excesses is over. The trial of Lenin's ideas has begun.

Togliatti's outburst is decisive evidence that the Communist parties of the world are no longer receiving a line from Moscow, or are choosing to ignore it. The attitudes adopted by different parties on both sides of the iron curtain form a bewildering patchwork of conflicting reactions to events in Russia. In Poland the democratising process is proceeding far and fast. Rumania, Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Bulgaria lag behind at varying speeds. Albania is stationary. In Italy and America, there is venomous criticism of Stalin. In Britain and France it is muffled. The voice of Moscow is no longer the *lingua franca*; Communism has entered the age of Babel.

How far the men in the Kremlin welcome this development is arguable. In delivering his secret session speech, Krushchev was taking a calculated risk. When he opened the flood-gates, he did not know how much of what he considers vital would be swept away along with the debris of Stalinism. The 20th Congress was an attempt to dismantle the Stalinist superstructure of Communism while preserving—and reinforcing—its Leninist foundations. The operation, at least as far as Italy is concerned, seems to have failed. For the first time, an authoritative Communist voice has called for a re-examination of Holy Leninism.

The most important aspect of Togliatti's statement is his motives in making it. There is, of course, his anxiety to bolster up his shaken position among his followers. He may also hope, in conjunction with Tito, to replace Moscow as the "leader" of Communism in Western Europe. But the final, and decisive, reason for Togliatti's indictment is political pressure from the Nenni Socialists. At the recent local elections, they and the Saragat Socialists both made substantial inroads on the Communist vote. Togliatti has now found it expedient to blunt Socialist criticisms by endorsing them himself.

There is a lesson here for the British Labour Party. The incident has shown the positive role which Socialists can play in breaking up the Communist monolith. But that role can be played only where Communists and Socialists are on speaking terms. Nenni, despite the difficulties of the cold war, has always managed to keep the conversation going. The British Labour Party has not. Moreover, now that it has at last the opportunity to exert real influence on the Communist world, its leaders talk as if they were afraid to encourage the very changes for which Socialists have been hoping. There was the disastrous dinner-party. There was the ill-conceived "nothing in common" resolution of the Socialist International. There has been a whole series of "cold war" speeches by Mr. Gaitskell. Now comes a foreign policy statement, endorsed by the foreign affairs group of the Parliamentary Party. It does admit the need for rethinking, but describes proposals for dismantling the cold war treaties as "unrealistic," and makes no reference to the role Socialism can play as a bridge between the two blocs.

Why this mental paralysis among Labour leaders? What are they afraid of? Does Mr. Gaitskell still believe that the Russians are contemplating a military aggression? Perhaps the explanation is that for ten years Labour thinking has been imprisoned in the straitjacket created by the American alliance, and bi-partisan foreign policy. These were the West's reaction to a supposed military threat. Once that straitjacket is removed, the consequences will, of necessity, be unpredictable. Is Mr. Gaitskell, like Mr. Krushchev, worried by what might happen when the flood-gates are opened?

Comments on the Week's News

Peace or Harding?

Is Sir Anthony Eden about to throw in his hand on Cyprus? For a fortnight, there have been rumours that Sir John Harding was preparing to return to Nicosia with new proposals—including a definite date for self-determination—but was delaying his departure until news of a crucial military success against Eoka reached London. The success has failed to materialise; indeed, the biggest operation British troops have yet staged ended on Monday in tragic disaster. Yet a sizeable minority in the Cabinet—not including the Prime Minister—are now in favour of negotiations, and some, it is said, of bringing Makarios back to London. But Sir John has dogmatically refused to negotiate with the Archbishop. The Cypriots declare that there can be no question of negotiations without Makarios. Is Sir John equally indispensable? Is Sir Anthony prepared to take the risk of replacing him? Apparently not. On Wednesday *The Times*, which the Foreign Office appears to be elevating again to the status of an official newspaper, announced that fresh proposals had been drawn up, conceding self-determination in ten years; it added that the Greek and Turkish governments have been informed; there was no mention of Makarios. It may be, therefore, that Sir Anthony is trying to reach a settlement without having to admit his lamentable mistake in arresting Makarios. By what sleight of diplomacy this circle can be squared is not obvious. The greatest obstacle to a settlement in Cyprus is now Sir John Harding.

Exit Mr. Sharett

In his resignation statement, Mr. Sharett is at pains to point out that he is leaving the Israeli Cabinet because of personal and not policy differences. It has often been argued that, as Foreign Minister, he exercised a restraining influence on the more "activist" Mr. Ben-Gurion. It is true that he is more conscious of western public opinion than Mr. Ben-Gurion, and that he places greater faith in the U.N. It has been said that "he looks outward, while Ben-Gurion looks inward." But his view of the politico-military situation on the frontier is basically the same as the Prime Minister's—the reprisal raid at Khan-Yunis last September, for instance, was made on his instructions. His departure does not, therefore, signify a victory for the activists. It is, rather, a tactical triumph for Mr. Ben-Gurion, who has always found Mr. Sharett temperamentally incompatible. In recent months difficulties between the two men have grown, aggravated, no doubt, by the exasperating limitations to Israel's freedom of diplomatic manœuvre. Nevertheless, Mr. Sharett's resignation is, in some respects, a reflection of the growing uneasiness of the Israelis as they enter the "crucial summer" of the arms-race. They calculate that Egypt will soon possess 150-200 Mig jet-fighters (including a number of the newer and faster Mig 17s), 70 Ilyushkin fighter-bombers, plus 80-100 western Meteors, most of which are already in service. The Syrians also have two flights of Mig 15s. Against this, the Israelis can show only an estimated 20 Meteors and two squadrons (12-24) of Mystères. On the ground, the Egyptians will have, in addition to 40 Centurions, some 200 Stalin and other medium tanks, to which should be added over 100 Czech T34 medium tanks which are being delivered to Syria. The Israeli army is equipped with modern anti-tank weapons, but its general staff insist that Israel can meet Egyptian armoured attacks with confidence only if it disposes of a minimum number of tanks of comparable calibre, which it does not, at the moment, possess, and which it has no means of obtaining. For the present, although the Arab states already possess a preponderance in modern weapons, logistic, training and morale factors still tip the military balance decisively in favour of the Israelis. The danger point will come in September, when the Czech deliveries will be completed, and when the new Arab training schemes begin to take effect.

Troubled Oil

The Labour Party was right to oppose the Trinidad Oil sale. The Chancellor's chief motive in approving the deal was the thought of the effect those $180 million would have on his trading figures. In return, he mortgaged sterling oil resources to the tune of 4 m. gallons a year, two gigantic oil refineries, a fleet of tankers, and the third-largest petrol distribution service in the United Kingdom. These are sizeable national assets. Moreover, the Treasury will also suffer severely from taxation-loss. The famous "conditions" imposed by the Chancellor are largely illusory. In the first place, only two are compulsory. True, Trinidad Oil will have to remain registered in Trinidad for taxation and other purposes; and we will continue to pay for its products in sterling. But there is nothing to stop Trinidad's new masters from diverting the oil to more profitable dollar markets in America. Britain will then have to import more dollar oil. And company profits, as the White Paper admits, will be remittable to the United States in dollars. What is more, the so-called "conditions" which will govern the management and development of the Trinidad wells and refinery—involving problems of labour and race relations of vital interest to the people of Trinidad—are not conditions at all, but merely "undertakings", which the Texas Company, if it so desires, can subsequently revoke. These undertakings, the White Paper concludes, will be discussed in the near future. The Labour Party, which here, as often before, has shown a fuller appreciation of the real interests of the Commonwealth than its self-appointed Tory propagandists, must keep these discussions under close and critical scrutiny.

The Wage-squeeze Gets Going

The meetings between the government and the representatives of industry are to be carried a stage further next week, when the Prime Minister is to meet the chairmen of the nationalised industries. He has already had meetings with the private employers and with the T.U.C. General Council. The third stage is expected to be a gathering at which representatives of both private and nationalised industries will be present. The purpose of the talks is said to be price stabilisation; but beyond doubt the main question discussed has been that of wages. The government wants the trade unions to agree not to press for further wage-advances as long as the balance-of-payments crisis continues. But it must be well aware that the General Council is in no position to accept such a policy and that the unions, in their present mood, would undoubtedly reject it. The government has therefore been taking council with the employers about the line they intend to take towards forthcoming wage-demands, and the employers have naturally asked what line will be taken by the nationalised industries and by the government itself. Thus, the joint meeting looks like being an occasion for planning common resistance to wage-claims. Such a policy must, however, be covered up by some attempt to show that wage-restraint will be accompanied by other measures designed to check the rise in prices, such as agreement by employers to work on narrower profit margins—probably at the expense not of dividends but of allocations to reserve, and therefore likely to affect investment rather than consumption out of profits. But will employers be prepared to accept such a policy, even in return for trade union acceptance of wage-restraint? And will the trade unions agree to wage-restraint, at any rate without insisting on dividend-restraint as well? There is no sign as yet that either side is prepared to do a deal on terms acceptable to the other, or that the government is prepared to take any step that would antagonise the shareholding interest, even though it may be getting ready to antagonise the trade unions by backing the employers in resisting further wage demands.

Prices in State Industry

There is, however, a limited field in which the government is in a position to act on prices without the employers' assent or support. It can tell the nationalised industries to keep their prices down even in face of rising costs, at the expense of the sums they would otherwise be able to allocate to investment. This seems to be happening already in the electricity supply industry, the Central Electricity Authority having this week called on its Area Boards not to raise their prices to cover the increased cost of coal. (Even the N.C.B. has agreed to peg prices.) The effect of this decision will, of course, be that the C.E.A. will be unable to carry on with the policy, announced by it a year ago, of putting large sums to reserve in order to finance development out of its own reserves. With reduced profits it will have to depend more on capital supplied from outside—that is, on what the government is prepared to assign to it. This will mean either a slowing down of development, despite the rapidly rising demand, or an increased provision of funds by the government at a time when public investment as a whole is being deliberately restricted. There is much to be said for setting the nationalised industries free from the requirement that they must fix their prices on a level to cover costs, taking one year with another; for it may be highly desirable to keep certain key prices down by what are in effect subsidies. But it will be most unfortunate if low prices for the services of nationalised industries are procured by cutting necessary investment at the cost of future production; and this seems the most probable outcome of the government's present policy, even apart from the fact that such limited price stabilisation will not prevent costs from rising unless ways can be found of compelling employers to refrain from raising prices to keep profits intact.

NEXT WEEK

THE FAR SIDE OF DESPAIR
A profile of Jean-Paul Sartre with caricature by Vicky

QUEENIE OR P. WIMSEY?
John Raymond throws new light on a forgotten literary controversy

News from Our Own Correspondents

Bucharest

The Kingdom of the Lions

A Correspondent writes: Though Rumanian writers have responded to the "thaw" in Soviet culture, they have been less fortunate than their colleagues in Poland, Hungary and Bulgaria, for the government has reacted quickly and firmly. The affair of Alexandru Jar—who has just been expelled from the Communist Party and the Writers' Union for taking the decisions of the Soviet 20th Congress too literally—is only the latest of a series of disciplinary actions.

In March, 1953, when the Writers' Union discussed "Malenkov's thesis on literature and art," it was discovered that local "Socialist realism" was "grey . . . uninspiring . . . drab and boring," and there was an appeal for more satire, fables and "laughter." As a result, Nina Cassian (the women writers took a leading part in this "criticism and self-criticism") soon produced a fable which revealed the conditions in which writers were living in Rumania. A lion "with a thick and reddish mane" was scolded by "the higher-placed" for being "tyrannous, proud and not encouraging criticism from below." So it "obligatorily, immediately, hurriedly" summoned what in Communist jargon is called a "flash meeting." A ram, a fox, a hare, a mouse and four squirrels, all shivering with fear, attended. "Friends and brothers," said the lion, "criticise me or I will devour you." At last the fox haltingly told the lion that in the last few months he had not fulfilled his norm, for he had eaten only six zebras and ten deer. Since no one else spoke, the lion wound up the discussion with these words:

> I pledge myself
> to repress every opinion or allusion
> which might irritate my temperament:
> to knock down
> those among you who might oppose me:
> to sharpen my fangs
> and to eat more than in the past.
> No other opinions are permitted.
> And with that I declare the meeting closed.

The party leaders ensured that Nina Cassian's satire was not repeated. But almost all other prominent writers—including the head of the Literary Fund, Mihail Beniuc—have been in trouble with "the lions." Understandably, they began to keep their discontent to themselves, for reasons that Alexandru Jar gave in an interview with *Gazeta Literara* on April 12, 1956, which was one of a series in preparation for the forthcoming congress of writers.

> We writers have paid the most onerous tributes to that primitive religion which idolatrises our workers' movement. We prostrated ourselves spontaneously, and because of wrong leadership. Comrade Gheorghiu-Dej said that "the guidance given to propaganda, agitation, literature and the arts has in great measure contributed to the spread of the personality cult." . . . This led to the idealisation of the activist, increasing with the eminence of his position. This created a servility, in word and in fact, towards the little priests of the great cult, i.e., towards those writers or leaders who, whether by the number of ideas dedicated to the gods, or by the quantity of quotations taken from their treasure-chests—for these quotation maniacs an idea is the shortest distance between two quotations—have made themselves monopolists of party writing. Hence, the inevitable result—suppression of criticism, of the free struggle of opinions, the branding for life with defamatory labels. . . . Moreover, some of the faked mentors have exercised police pressure on opponents. It is not astonishing that the weakest have avoided touching major political themes . . . have taken refuge in the past or in tales of the workshop. . . . The influence of the theory of a sharpening of the class struggle in the period of Socialist construction led . . . to the description of our society as a besieged citadel in which you must guard yourself against your own soldiers, because among them there may be an enemy. . . . In our books (in mine, too alas!) we described sabotage, conspiracies, perfidious enemies. Or else we found optimistic and conventional endings.

A month after Jar published his views, a meeting was held to discuss the lessons of the 20th Congress in—ironically—the Stalin district of Bucharest, where the main cultural institutes are situated. Jar was forced to explain himself before such prominent party leaders as the first vice-premier, Miron Constantinescu, the head of the agitprop department, Leonte Rautu, and the party secretary, Gheorghiu-Dej. According to the party paper, *Scinteia*, instead of "confessing", Jar "gave way to an anti-party outburst, turning himself into the exponent of some vile untruths and slanders against the party." Jar, it said, accused himself of hypocrisy, and of leading a double life. "He shamelessly attributed these notions to all Communists. . . . Lyingly, he asserted that the party educated Communists in a spirit of cowardice, of lack of courage . . . that party members think less and less." In Jar's view, the paper continued, "the fight against liberalism was allegedly endangering the alliance between the working-class and the intellectuals," and *Scinteia* criticised the writers for failing to denounce Jar's "nationalist tendencies," his "anarchistic, individualist, bourgeois outbursts." His "diversionist attempt . . . was directed against the Leninist principle of the party spirit in literature." The other writers obediently confessed their sins and denounced Jar. Only two men stood up for him: Mihail Davidoglu, who "did not reject Jar's provocation and voiced ideas slanderous to literature," and Ion Vitner, who even dared "to state that he agreed with some of Jar's slanderous allegations."

Paris

Joe's Last Friends

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Recently, a well-known Polish Communist intellectual, who was spending a few days in Paris, confided to me: "When, today, I visit a French Communist newspaper, or one of the party's leaders, I'm conscious of a suspicion and coldness just like that shown towards the Yugoslavs between March and June 1948, when the Cominform resolution condemning Tito was already in the air, but not yet published." He added that, if the Communist Party were in power, neither he nor any of his compatriots would receive a visa for France.

This tense relationship between Polish and French Communists is evidence in itself of the confusion created by the Krushchev report. After a long silence, the French C.P. has finally published a resolution on the report. It follows the main lines of Togliatti's interview, but makes in addition the astonishing assertion that the French party, unlike parties in other countries, has never received the text of the report. It asks for a copy to be sent from Moscow in order that "useful discussions" can be held before the party congress at Le Havre on July 18. Political observers in Paris find it difficult to believe that the French party should have been left out in the cold like this. And, they ask, even if this were true, why has the party taken so long to make its complaint?

If you ask French Communists these questions, they reply that since the 20th Congress they have, to all intents and purposes, been placed on the index by Moscow. When a delegation from the French Socialist Party visited Moscow recently, they complain, its members were introduced everywhere as "representatives of the French working-class". Throughout the visit, no mention was made of the French C.P. in official speeches, and, in private conversation, the Russian leaders are even said to have made highly critical remarks about French C.P. leaders. Another example quoted by French Communists is the visit to Moscow of a delegation of scientists, which included eight Communists led by M. Vigier, recently praised by Maurice Thorez for his distinguished work in linking theoretical physics and Marxism. In Moscow, no attention whatsoever was paid to M. Vigier and his comrades, and the Russians made no attempt to discover the political affiliation of members of the delegation.

When you ask members of the French C.P. why they are so suspicious of their Polish comrades, they reply that texts published by the Polish press are being used by opposition elements within the French party to attack party leaders. They add that the Poles, who are inviting more and more Frenchmen to visit them, are discriminating against Communists. Professor Duverger, for instance, one of M. Thorez's most violent critics, recently got a state reception in Warsaw, and the red carpet is shortly to be unrolled for M. Sartre and M. Thierry Maulnier; but M. Aragon has been pointedly excluded. A great deal of this sort of thing is leading French Communists to evolve the theory that a gang of right-wing deviationists, led by Krushchev, has seized power in Russia. As a result, the movement in France is suffering from acute schizophrenia. Party members are unwilling to break away from their comrades in Russia, Poland and elsewhere; but they are no longer prepared to follow them with enthusiasm.

Johannesburg

Press Inquisition

A Correspondent in South Africa writes: The first six months of each year is always a time of political controversy in this country. Parliament then adjourns and the politicians retire to their farms and businesses until the party congresses at the end of the year. 1956 has been no exception. The controversy over Father Huddleston's book has been led by members of the government, who are preparing a reply. The amendments to the constitution, removing the Cape Coloured voters, making the Courts subservient to Parliament, and legalising the packing of the Senate, have passed through Parliament and are now before the Courts. The Cape Supreme Court has upheld their legality and final judgment will be given by the Appellate Court, already "packed" for this very purpose. The government has now announced that it intends to remove the representatives of the Africans from the Senate and Assembly.

The process goes on. The government is proposing to compel the blood transfusion services to label all blood according to the race of the donor. (The Dutch Reformed Church is still trying to ban Darwin.) The trade union movement has been castrated by the Industrial Conciliation Act; local authorities are being given powers to banish indiscreet Africans in their areas without trial or inquiry; and African political offenders are to be sent to labour camps. Four million Africans in the Cape are to join their fellows from the other provinces in being

placed at the mercy of the government's power of imposing communal fines and summary punishment on them without trial, and the Minister of the Interior has taken new powers of deportation to deal with critics of the government.

One important measure, however, has not attracted the attention it deserves. For some years now a Press Commission has been investigating the South African newspaper world, and its report is expected to be published very shortly. The Commission was originally appointed on a parliamentary resolution proposed by Dr. A. J. R. van Rhyn, Nationalist M.P., formerly editor of the Bloemfontein Nationalist daily *Die Volksblad*, and now Minister of Economic Affairs. Its chairman is Judge van Zyl, formerly an unsuccessful Nationalist parliamentary candidate, and it includes Dr. Diedriechs, a leading Afrikander capitalist and theoretician of "racial" differences. Most of the other members are "reliable" Nationalists.

The Commission insisted that its hearings should be in camera, but it has become clear from the accounts of those interviewed that the Commission considers its task to be that of proving certain preconceived allegations. Some of the English and foreign correspondents have had hectic grillings. One, however, proposed to take a verbatim record of his own interview, and so worried the Commission that they decided to dispense with his services. The Commission's report, it is believed, will set out to prove that the English-language press deliberately distorts the South African picture for political reasons; that it harbours journalists who send reports to the overseas press damaging to South Africa; and that there is no statutory restriction on the freedom of the press. The report will then be used as an excuse to introduce some form of control, particularly of reports sent overseas. One question amongst the seventy sent by the Commission to editors is significant in this context. "Question 53. (1) Where members of your editorial staff represent newspapers or agencies abroad, do you take steps to inform yourself of the contents of their despatches? (2) State . . . (d) whether their despatches contain news or comment which you would not print in your paper?"

The second result expected from the report is a plan to divert Non-Europeans from the English-language papers. In Johannesburg it is estimated that about thirty per cent. of the readership is Non-European. The Nationalists are particularly anxious to prevent Non-Europeans from reading criticisms of *apartheid*, whether from South Africa or from overseas. It might give them ideas.

Westminster

As Good as His Bond

Mr. Harold Macmillan was in full spate defending his premium bonds. He rolled his eyes, waved his arms in extravagant gesture and poured out his adjectives. He made fun of the smallness of the party meeting at which Labour's policy had been decided and the small majority which had carried it. A sound point. He made even greater fun of the picture of families broken up, children in rags and wives deserted, all because a man had invested too deeply in premium bonds—which was less good because no one except Macmillan had drawn it. Then, suddenly, he was punctured.

He began to deal with Mr. Arthur Henderson, a leading Methodist, who had seen a difference between organising a lottery and drawing taxation from the football pools. "That," said Macmillan, "is a thin line of distinction." At once Harold Wilson was on his feet. "The Chancellor is using a dangerous argument," he said. "I read in the press that the Board of Inland Revenue are finding means of taxing immoral earnings. If that is so, where, on his line of argument, will the Chancellor stop?" The roar of laughter which followed prevented one from hearing the Chancellor's next few sentences. But one could see at once that he was angry. Later one heard that he had no intention of organising bawdy houses. The rest of his speech lost coherence.

This incident illustrated the difficulties which faced Members who spoke in the debate and still more the difficulties of Members who listened to it in the hope of making up their minds on rights or wrongs. Was it right to hold a raffle for the Church and wrong to hold a lottery for the State? Is a lottery good if the punters risk only their interest and wrong if they also risk their capital? Was it right for shareholders in the Trinidad Oil Company to claim their windfall and wrong for a premium bond prizewinner to claim his?

Not unnaturally, Harold Wilson kept as clear as he could of distinctions and dealt with technicalities. The bonds, he said, would attract no new saving. At best they would merely cause a switch in existing saving. The cost of running the scheme would be high and, when it was realised that in the files of the National Savings scheme there were 371,000 Smiths of whom no fewer than 3,500 were plain William Smiths, the possibilities of a mistake over prizewinners were high, too. But he was more impressive when he "coined" a New Statesman phrase to contrast Macmillan's appeal for a "Windfall State" with Stafford Cripps' appeal for hard work and restraint.

That, indeed, was one of the two most effective themes running through the opposition to the bonds. "Have a gamble! You can't lose! What an appeal to put before the nation!" cried Cyril Osborne; and he was echoed by another Tory, Cyril Black. Both Osborne and Black also developed the other opposition theme. It was a bit "off white" for the Government itself to engage in gambling, said Osborne. Imagine, said Black, what would be thought if the Bank of England announced that each month it would draw the name of one of its depositors from a hat and present him with £100.

One saw the force of this. To say the least of it, this operation by the Treasury *was* undignified. It really *was* Monte Carlo finance. It was almost as though, to cope with a balance of payments crisis, the Chancellor had rejected any idea of an autumn budget and instead had arranged a marriage between himself and Miss Marilyn Monroe. One saw, too, that it may not be right for the state to practise or encourage things which private bodies and individuals do without indignity or sense of sin, just as it may not be right for a grown up to encourage children in all the things he does himself. And yet . . . I am myself in favour of nationalising the football pools, and know that I am on my own thin line if I try to get round the difficulty by suggesting that these pools should be run, not directly by the state, but by a public board.

The debate went on, some saying that the premium bonds were so attractive that they would ruin the rest of the National Savings Scheme, some, like Charles Mott-Radclyffe, saying that they were not attractive enough to succeed in competition with such other gambles of the capitalist world as the Stock Exchange and football pools. Arguments, though in support of the same case, seemed to cancel each other out and, the more I listened, the more bewildered I became. In the end, I decided simply to follow the thinnest line of all, the party line.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Freedom and Socialism

FOR a Socialist, the problem of freedom has always been theoretically simple, whether the theory is based upon Marxist assumptions or on the moral eloquence of R. H. Tawney. The bourgeois revolution established certain notions about personal liberty and toleration which are of permanent value for all forms of society; it also established an acquisitive society in which individual liberty was closely linked to the individual ownership of property. In such a society, men might be legally free, but powerless to enjoy their freedom because they were threatened by poverty, insecurity and gross social inequalities. Effective freedom, therefore, could only be secured by extending public welfare, even though this meant —as the frontiers of the positive state were enlarged—placing restraints upon the absolute rights of individuals to do what they pleased with their persons or property. Liberty, as Professor Tawney rightly insisted, also involves equality, and that cannot be ensured without a large measure of public ownership and control.

What is simple in theory, however, is far from simple in practice. The denial of human rights in the Communist countries is a final warning of the dangers of over-organisation and unchecked bureaucracy. In this country we are rightly proud that the welfare state has brought a vast increase in freedom to millions. How immeasurable is the increase in liberty because our people are no longer "free" to sleep under the arches, to be born in poverty, to be buried in a pauper's grave, to go without medical care, to wait hopelessly for work! The evils of the Dickensian age have been swept away by planning and social legislation. But now the welfare state is taken for granted we are faced with a new problem of liberty.

Where does the danger now lie? While we carry through this vast and beneficial change, we are aware that the individual, while benefiting from greater security, often feels powerless in face of the huge and complex organisation of modern society. Power is concentrated not merely in the state, and in big businesses which, from the individual's point of view, are scarcely distinguishable from the state itself, but also in such near-monopolies as the press and radio, the trade unions, and even in the democratic political parties. To the ordinary citizen the bureaucrat and the oligarch are "they," over whom "we" have little or no control.

The first of Labour's new policy statements (*Personal Freedom*. 9d.) is a welcome sign that the Labour Party is at least aware that this problem exists, and that it is prepared to open a debate on an issue that has been too long neglected by professional politicians. That, however, is almost all that can be said for this pathetic document. It is utterly inadequate, either as a piece of social analysis or even as a set of practical proposals. In its treatment of the "individual" and "society," it recalls the American student who was asked why she wished to take a course called "Man and Nature" and replied: "Why, professor, I'm just mad on them both."

Some of the proposals are useful and sensible. Certainly, a review of the powers that the Home Secretary exercises over aliens is long overdue. Of course, provide the Legal Advice Service envisaged in the 1949 Act. By all means, insist that reasons should be given when the appeal of a conscientious objector is turned down, or require that the courts shall be permitted to say that an Order goes beyond the scope of an Act, or demand that the inspector's report on a planning inquiry be published. It is equally desirable to reform the procedure of land tribunals. But is this all? Are these adjustments, which tidy up loose ends of present legislation or administrative practice, the sum total of Labour's views about personal freedom? This is not the way in which the Labour Party should woo the troubled, independent voter; he is more likely to be impressed by the political cowardice of this statement than by its concern for liberty.

Where, for instance, is there any effort to analyse the problems that a Socialist government must inevitably confront if it moves towards the "classless society" which this statement declares is Labour's goal? By what criteria should we judge further extensions of "social freedom"? What further safeguards are required to prevent our society degenerating into a stale bureaucracy? Socialists have to ask these questions, for the public naturally will expect answers to them before it gives Labour another lease of power. But they are not asked. This document does not even discuss the questions that R. H. S. Crossman raised in his Fabian pamphlet, *Socialism and the New Despotism*. He pointed out that the managerial society offers a serious challenge to our conceptions of personal liberty —and this challenge comes from a "benevolent" civil service, as much as from "benevolent" big business, from trade unions as from the political parties. Yet the committee which drafted this statement—a committee of which Mr. Crossman is reported to have been a member—has behaved as though it had never heard of Mr. Crossman's pamphlet. How could it neglect his sharp observations about the oligarchic discipline of our party system, about the declining status of M.P.s, about the inadequacy of parliamentary control of Ministers and the inability of Ministers adequately to supervise their civil servants? How, when it slipped in a phrase about "concentrations of power in private industry", could it fail to suggest techniques for making such power centres amenable to democratic control and the public interest? Why should it overlook the failure of the nationalised industries to ensure industrial democracy?

To such questions the National Executive may reply that it was trying to draft a policy rather than write a treatise on political theory. This defence would be more impressive if it had produced a convincing policy on such immediate issues as security procedure, trade union discipline, bureaucratic intolerance and racial discrimination. But no one can feel that this document meets the situation. The public is left without any clear impression of Labour's intentions—without, indeed, the impression that Labour knows where to draw the line between personal freedom and public welfare. And the Labour membership has been given no guide about long-term problems. This is what happens when a party surrenders its soul to the empiricists. To ask the right questions, one must have a theory of society, not a set of *ad hoc* responses to particular abuses. And Labour, today, seems to have no such theory, only a rag-bag of philosophical ideas which are wearing very thin. Does Labour really wish to transform society, to create new opportunities and fresh enthusiasms? Or is it content to play parliamentary box-and-cox, while freedom erodes and initiative withers before the growing power of the managers and bureaucrats?

Report from Algeria

On my way home, in Rabat, I ran into Ben Bradlee, *Newsweek* Paris correspondent, who recently narrowly avoided expulsion from France for his reports on North Africa. He said: "Make sure you get legal advice before publishing anything about Algeria. Otherwise, you're in for trouble." I didn't need the warning, because when I arrived at the Maison Blanche Airport in Algiers, I was detained by two police officers and closely questioned about my connection with the NEW STATESMAN and what I intended to write.

Still, the main facts of the Algerian situation stand out plainly enough, and no objective reporter—whatever his Francophile sympathies—can refrain from printing them. First, the attitude of the French settlers. Algeria—it can't be denied—is their home. Some 800,000 of them are third generation settlers. But they have never learnt to live with the Arabs: they simply ignore their existence. For them, the Arabs are workmen, servants, shadows: not people. Hardly any of them speak more than a word or two of Arabic; they scarcely ever intermarry. They have never got used to the idea that Arabs have a separate, individual, *national* existence. Hence they find the situation which now confronts them incredible, inexplicable and, above all, unjust. "Look," I was told, "we've lived here for years and years. Just like Frenchmen living in, say, Limoges. We're taught in exactly the same way as kids, in a school just like the one in Limoges. We dress and eat just like they do there, we see the same films, read the same books. And then—*poof!* One day they suddenly come along and tell us that this isn't our country, that this is the Algerians' country, that we're foreigners and must accept the laws and so on which happen to suit the Arabs. It's as though you were to go along tomorrow and tell the citizens of Limoges that they're now citizens of Togoland—or of some country they've not even heard about. Because *we've* never heard of an Arab state here, or of an Algerian nation or of any other of these *fellaga* inventions."

This is fact number one. Fact number two is that in order to continue to believe in fact number one, a number of other myths have to be created. The first of these is that nearly all the Arabs want to stay under French rule, and help the terrorists only because they're afraid. I put this to a number of Arabs in different towns and villages. Their reply was always the same: even the most illiterate Arab knows that the defeat of the *fellagas* would mean for him half a century of slavery; that, as soon as the last rebel is killed, the period of French revenge will begin.

This is not an idle fear. Some of the conversations I had with French *colons*—in trains, restaurants, cafés—sent shivers down my spine. The people I talked to were all racists; without exception, they believed force was the only solution. "All our troubles arise from the fact that we haven't been severe enough. Arabs only understand force. Here is what we should do: we should go to a *douar* (village), take the head-man and ask him where the *fellagas* keep their arms. If he says he doesn't know, he should be shot on the spot. Then we should go to the next *douar* and do the same thing. By the time we get to, say, the fifth *douar*, you may be sure the head-man will be ready to come clean. They know the score, these Arabs: when they see you're not joking, they co-operate all right."

Or take the views of another gentleman: "Look here, today, when a patrol is shot at from a *douar*, we simply go along and arrest two or three suspects and shoot them. *It isn't enough.* We must shoot all the able-bodied men there. Then, the next time a patrol passes, there won't be any trouble. And if we do that to enough *douars*, believe me they'll start coming along of their own accord. They'll kill a sheep at sunset in sign of submission and be ready to kiss our feet."

I could go on quoting examples. All are based on the same premise: that "law and order" can only be re-established by a policy of extermination. They differ only on the scale. Such is the point of view of the vast majority of French *colons*. And it is these people who are setting the pace in Algeria today. They are the law. On March 29, at nine o'clock in the morning, in the Rue Sidi-Lakhdar at Constantine, a police commissioner was shot down. Towards eleven, his son left his house, armed with a sub machine-gun and shot down several Arabs sitting on the terrace of the Café Au Trou dans le Mur. In the afternoon, French forces searched the entire Arab quarter, beating women and children and stealing money and other valuables. In the evening, a group of Frenchmen calling themselves "Officers of the Judiciary Police" visited the houses of a number of prominent Arab citizens, arrested them and took them away for "identification." Their bodies were later found riddled with bullets.

A few days before I arrived in Algeria, a similar incident took place at Rivet, twenty miles from Algiers. After the shooting of a French baker by terrorists, the French population staged what can only be described as a pogrom, killing 400 Arabs, and driving the remainder into the countryside. In both these cases, the names of the ringleaders are public knowledge. Not a single one has been charged with any offence. What reply, then, can one make to the Arab who said to me in Algiers: "We are all outlaws here, because French law does not apply to us. If they had arrested even one Frenchman for killing an Arab, if they had punished even one—even if it was only a month in prison—we would know that, in the eyes of French law, the life of an Arab is at least worth something. But they have done nothing. Nothing at all. We can, therefore, conclude that there is no law."

Small wonder, then, that the eyes of all Arabs turn towards the *djebel*—the mountains. There, in the hills, is their only chance of vengeance. In the Arab quarters of the towns, the myths of the Resistance circulate from mouth to mouth. It is said, for instance, that the day after the Rivet massacre, French officials in the region received letters from the National Liberation Army saying: "You are cowards, killing women, children and civilians. If you want to fight, come up into the hills. We, the fighters, will wait for you there." Two days later, runs the story, over a hundred French soldiers were killed in a mountain ambush. Whether all this is true or not I can't pretend to say. But I do know that all the Arabs believe it as though it were in the Koran. These days, at the burial of an Arab victim of French repression, his women folk, instead of weeping, shout out the traditional *you-you-you*—the Arab cry of joy. Those killed by the French, they believe, are heroes who will go straight to heaven. These are signs, to be sure, of fanaticism: they are also signs of a growing national solidarity which makes nonsense of the French theory that

the Arabs will all come round if only you kill enough of them. But the French, alas, are not the only people who believe that force is the solution. Most of the Arabs I talked to were moderates, but not all. A few told me: "Let them send their soldiers, as many as they like. We're not afraid. We can always hang out in the mountains, and kill them one by one. We shall drain France of her blood and money. In a year or two she will be even more poor and feeble than Algeria."

You don't need to be an economist to see that Algeria is poor. Here, misery, disease and illiteracy are triumphant. You find yourself asking: how will these people exist when they get their independence? How will they find leaders to exploit a country four times the size of France? Where will they get their capital? When asked these questions, the rare French moderates one meets who can still look at the situation objectively don't attempt to hide their pessimism. If the French are driven out, they say, Algeria will become either an Islamic republic on the lines of Yemen, or an American economic colony. The nationalist leaders, they add, are aware of this: that is why they don't want France to leave yet. They demand only the *right* of independence, that is to say that France should recognise the existence of an Algerian nation and promise to surrender control when Algeria has enough leaders, and enough wealth, to govern herself. To concede this would be the surest way to maintain *la présence française* in Algeria, for, if war engenders hate, co-operation on terms of equality, and cultural and economic aid engender friendship. And these Algerians are not religious fanatics. They are not cruel by nature. A few kind words can enlist their lasting friendship.

Metropolitan Frenchmen would have found no difficulty in coming to terms along these lines. They don't like the war either. The French reservists who were met at Oran with bands and ceremonies of welcome replied by bombarding the official reception committee with empty Coco-Cola bottles and cries of *Allez-vous-en, colonialistes, salauds*! They don't want the job of shooting the headmen of *douars*. But they, alas, do not make French policy. French policy is made by the big *colons*, and by their instruments, the street-mobs of Algiers. "The lives of Algerian patriots and French soldiers are more precious than all of the privileges of colonialism," writes Ferhat Abbas, spokesman of the National Liberation Front. The ordinary French settlers could be made to accept this elementary truth; but it would require a long process of re-education to make them understand where their real interests lie. Unfortunately, I saw no sign that anyone is prepared to attempt it; in Algeria, all the resources of modern propaganda are working in precisely the opposite direction.

Since the war began, the nuances on both sides have been gradually replaced by the sheer will to win. But for most Algerians—Arab and French alike—the real enemy is far away, in the hills. They are, as it were, civilians, but civilians from two enemy countries, who meet each other daily in the streets. Hence they turn against each other, with a viciousness unparalleled by the actual combatants in the hills. In Oran, Algiers, Constantine, the atmosphere is unbearable, even for a passing journalist. It is easy to imagine how it affects those who have to live in it, month after month. The French in Algeria already behave as though they were mentally sick. They hate the whole world. The Arabs, naturally. The Americans, because they want to take over. The Spanish, because they help the rebels. The British, because they send arms to Egypt. The Russians, because they are Communists. The French themselves, because they do not really possess the will to fight. Unless these people can be disintoxicated—and rapidly—they will drown Algeria in a sea of blood, and, in their madness, drag down France herself with them.

K. S. KAROL

London Diary

I ASKED myself how I should view the meetings of the Capricorn Society at Lake Nyasa if I were an educated African. I should be aware that the European "know-how" in every field is indispensable to creating an African society in which my people could hold up their heads and live in freedom and develop their own resources for their own benefit. I should also be aware of centuries of oppression and exploitation of my people by Europeans and of the danger of the South African pattern being allowed to encroach on East and Central Africa. I should therefore be pleased that there are some European leaders of Capricorn who talk impeccably about the evils of apartheid, and who realise that, outnumbered by about 200 to 1, their right to existence in my country depended on their repudiation of racialism. So, when I was asked to sit on a platform with Asians and Europeans, I should have mixed feelings. I should listen to the impeccable sentiments of Capricorn leaders and ask myself how much value to attach to them. Some of them I should know to be sincere and good men. I should see that there were limits to the quick application of a "one man, one woman, one vote" formula to an illiterate population, but I should object to the method of the multiple vote as opening the way to an unequal system which might be very difficult afterwards to get rid of. But what would worry me much more would be the actual behaviour of many influential Europeans who talk about a multi-racial "partnership." I should notice that Mr. Michael Blundell, the leading spokesman of the supposedly more progressive Europeans in Kenya, is fighting an election on principles that are incompatible with these fine sentiments. How far could I trust him when he is opposing a common education for Europeans and Africans, when he pledges himself to the continued reservation of the White Highlands, and makes it clear that the "multi-racial" society may be only a way of maintaining European domination?

* * *

So girls of 12 *can* be imprisoned in Kenya. Mr. Lennox-Boyd's latest revelations in the Commons last Wednesday about the cases of girl convicts not only fully establishes Miss Eileen Fletcher's good faith but also her facts. The Colonial Secretary now admits that a Kenya court sentenced to an indefinite term of imprisonment at Kamiti women's prison a girl it believed to be 12½ years of age. She was among the "lifers" who came under Miss Fletcher's care. Another of the girl "lifers" was described in court as "under 18" without anyone apparently troubling to find out her precise age before they sentenced her. In their turn the prison authorities accepted her as being 12 years of age. Surely the Colonial Secretary cannot refuse an independent enquiry now?

* * *

One advantage that Americans have over Soviet citizens is that they are less likely to be dead when they are rehabilitated. For this reason the Supreme Court's 6-3 decision, which ruled that part of the President's security programme has been illegal for the last five years, may really be of some use to someone. The Court declares that the 1950 statute on which the McCarthy purge was largely based was intended only to cover positions "concerned with national safety," and that it could not be legally applied to half the "risks" who have been sacked from "non-sensitive positions." They were food inspectors, wild life officers and such like. Ironically enough, this important decision comes just at the minute when we in Britain are worried by the dangerous extension of our security provisions. Last week, discussing this, I quoted the former U.S. Senator, Harry P. Cain, who is a member of the Subversive Activities Control Board. He is one of the mavericks that the American political system throws up from time to time. When he was a Senator he ranked as one of the most extreme of McCarthy's supporters. Defeated in 1952, he was made a member of the Control Board as a political sop. He discovered its gross inequity and had a stormy interview with President Eisenhower on the subject. It is not expected he will be reappointed when his tenure of office expires in August. He is the most respectable and right-wing of all denouncers of McCarthy; he now says that Fascism is a greater danger than Communism in the U.S.

* * *

People I meet are bewildered and angry about the "Jack Spot" case, and the apparent lethargy of the police in the race-gang districts. This kind of thing may be all right in *Brighton Rock* and the *Threepenny Opera*, but real blood on London pavements is quite another thing. "What are the police doing?" And so on. For my part I find it odd that, after all the fuss and anger that led to the "banning" of "offensive weapons" by the Prevention of Crime Act, 1953, the Act has so soon become a dead letter. Not that it was necessary at all: the police already had ample powers to deal with people carrying coshes, knives, cycle chains and the rest. But a new Act like this can be taken, as a rule, to mean that there is going to be a new attack on the problem it deals with; after all, it was a government measure. The police know most of the men in the two gangs now disturbing the surface of the swamp; they are men with criminal records and can be fished out within a very short time. It shouldn't be impossible to interview them before they have time to get rid of their coshes, razor blades and jack knives. They can all be arrested, required to satisfy the courts that they were carrying their murderous gadgets with an innocent purpose, and sent to prison if they fail—though I should prefer to see them "bound over" and very closely watched. Some of them are almost certainly mental health cases.

* * *

I'm sure that Commander Boaks (R.N., Retd.) is a nuisance—intends to be a nuisance—and that Mr. Bertram Reece, the Bow Street Magistrate, was fed up with him. The Queen's Bench Division has just decided, in *Boaks v. Reece*, that when Mr. Reece sent him to prison for a medical report it was not merely because he was fed up—he genuinely did want to find out whether the Commander, whom he had already fined six times for the same kind of offence, was daft. But why should a man be thought daft because he runs his own propaganda machine in the service of his favourite good causes? On that basis Wilkes, Owen and Bradlaugh—not to mention Jesus and Gandhi—were probably certifiable. The few modern eccentrics we have are almost bound to be propagandists of one kind or another. In his campaigns for road courtesy, sex equality and so forth, Commander Boaks causes an obstruction with his car, a nuisance with his loud-speaker and a breach of the Minister of

Transport's regulations with his street advertising. For doing all these things he can be fined, but not sent to prison; but even if the fines do not deter him, there is nothing in any of the relevant enactments to say that he can be sent to prison for the doctors to find out why. Are we to start imprisoning every crank who can pay fines and come up for more? The prisons wouldn't hold all the scores of people I could remand for medical inquiry into their non-conformity.

* * *

As a small boy, jam (which mustn't be spread too thick) seldom fitted a piece of bread (which needn't be eaten dry). A bit more bread to finish up the jam; a bit more jam to finish up the bread. By the time the two coincided, one had had quite a number of extra pieces of bread and jam. I have seen the same game played by elderly gentlemen in clubs with their biscuits and cheese. In my case this pleasure has been perpetuated in the matter of bath water; getting just the temperature means too much cold, and then too much hot, and quite a lot of splashes down the overflow. I was reminded of this example of inconspicuous waste by a builder who tells me that his local authority has discovered that if only one tap is provided for hot and cold, a saving occurs of some 30 per cent. Dammit, they will be deciding how hot the water ought to be soon, and another bit of fun will have gone west.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Air guns are essential for building up a boy's character.—Letter in *Illustrated*. (M. J. Dowsett.)

When we have betting shops they should be called Off-the-Course Racing Commissions Acceptance Establishments. They should be conducted with tone, and have uniformed attendants and a light catering service.—Letter in *Daily Herald*. (Allan M. Whyte.)

There appeared to be no reason at all why Roman Catholics should not go to heaven. This was the majority view.—*Leven Mail*. (Mary Simpson.)

The judge said Mrs. Lee's account of how Jordan first kissed her showed he was "a skilled hand."

"He caught her without her dentures and, no doubt making some suitable remark that she was even more attractive without them than with them, gave her the first kiss."—*Daily Express*. (Toni Wilson.)

Leeds University Union theatre group is meeting with opposition in advertising its next production—*'Tis Pity She's a Whore*, the comedy by John Ford, the seventeenth-century dramatist. Leeds Transport department has refused to advertise it in its vehicles and many shopkeepers and business people who normally display posters and cards are declining to do so.—*Manchester Guardian*. (B. Freedman.)

Interview with Nehru

MR. NEHRU has come to London for the Commonwealth Conference; he goes on to Washington, and then he is to meet Marshal Tito and Colonel Nasser at Brioni.

It may be worth while to record a few impressions of Nehru in 1956, as I saw him recently in New Delhi. They concern the man as a man and an Indian, rather than as a world statesman. For if we think of Nehru only as a world statesman, or, for that matter, only as a democratic Socialist planner, we shall make a serious mistake about him. He is each of these things, but he is something more too—he is very much a man and very much an Indian. He is intensely human, temperamental, every inch of him an artist in life. And he is also, to the core of his being, an Indian nationalist—a man of the Congress movement which, under Gandhi's leadership, achieved the independence of India. If he were not first and foremost these things, he would not have that power in India which gives him his significance in the world. If, moreover, we allow his warm and sincere friendship for Britain, or his world-culture, or his Harrow and Cambridge education to obscure even for a moment our realisation of his deep nationalism and intense patriotism—of his Indianness—we shall go far astray in our estimate of him.

Nevertheless, my first impression of him in New Delhi was of one of the consummate political leaders of our time. Like all such men, he loves his job. He bears an immense load of responsibility, but seems, at least, to bear it without strain. His air is light, graceful—often gay. His step is springy. He laughs often, his eyes flash. For instance, in the middle of talking about the almost incredible complexities of India's Second Five Year Plan and of her economic and political position generally, he suddenly ran his hands through his hair, with an extraordinary, care-free gesture, laughed boyishly, and said: "It's such an exciting job to lead the Indian people today!"

I must say I was a bit staggered by that. But there's no doubt that Nehru, for the moment at least, finds his colossal job actually stimulating. I think he finds it, positively, fun. That, no doubt, is because he is being so successful. (He found his job by no means so pleasant, I imagine, a few years ago before he led Congress sharply to the left, and so broke the stagnation and frustration which at that time, I understand, overshadowed the Indian scene.) I imagine that Roosevelt at the height of his powers had this same gaiety and buoyancy, this exaltation in the sheer virtuosity of his own performance!

Nehru talked to me not only about the world situation, but also and especially about India and Indian development. I got the impression that as India's major attempt at primary industrialisation, by what one can only call the democratic Socialist route, develops, Nehru's interest, which had been primarily in world affairs, is being increasingly caught by economic issues. Of course this, as he reminded me, is a return to his old primary interests as a Congressman in the period before Independence. And it is fascinating to see how the old Congress issues—the Gandhiist strain in Indian economic thinking—is being blended, not always by any means easily—with the concept of large-scale Socialist industrialisation.

Perhaps the following dialogue between Nehru and myself, which—with his permission—I noted for publication after lunching with him in Delhi recently, will illustrate some of the complexities both of the man and the country.

NEHRU: You see, in India we have such an immense diversity—not merely diversity between one part of the country and another, between state and state, between places as far away from each other, and as different, as England is from Sicily, but also diversities between age-old traditions and ultra-modern development. And even our rapid present-day development is extremely diverse. In our Five Year Plan, for instance, we are, at the same time, building ultra-modern large-scale industries and developing our cottage industry and handloom weaving.

J. S.: To the student of your Second Five Year Plan the most striking thing about it is that the plan proposes development of two opposite kinds, as it were. On the one hand you are beginning to build up the very latest types of large-scale modern industry—for instance I have just seen your new locomotive building workshop at Chittaranjan, your fertiliser plant at Sindri and your 120 foot seam of open-cast coal at Bokaro. But then, on the other hand, and at the same time, you propose not only to preserve but actually to develop your cottage industry—you propose to extend the spinning and weaving of textiles by hand, on hand spindles and handlooms. I realise that all this may be quite right and logical in Indian conditions, but it is certainly startling.

NEHRU: Yes, I know. But you must remember two things. First, hand spinning and weaving—specially handloom weaving—is by no means dead in India. There are still many thousands of handlooms being worked in cottages throughout India. We believe that this deep Indian tradition of handicrafts must not be allowed to die out. We believe that it can be developed most fruitfully. Then, again, the spinning and weaving of textiles by hand is an integral part of the whole nationalist tradition of which the Congress Party has been the leader and organiser. For instance, I am quite a good spinner. I used to like to use the hand spindle. I found it an interesting and skilled occupation—splendid relaxation from mental activity.

The vision of this supremely sophisticated man taking out his spindle for an hour or two—as no doubt he used to—was startling. But of course what it really showed was how deeply Nehru is rooted in the unique tradition of the Indian nationalist movement. Moreover it is, surely, precisely the most sophisticated people who do the simplest things. Here was one of the basic reasons for the profound hold which this man has upon the Indian people. They would not follow him in his plans for large-scale industrialisation if they did not know that he himself has been engaged in their heart-felt attempt (whatever we may think about its chances of ultimate success) to preserve and revive handicraft traditions alongside their new industries.

NEHRU: On the other hand handloom weaving—rather than spinning—is the more promising process for our cottage industry development.

J. S.: What about the economics of the thing? Can the handloom possibly compete?

NEHRU: Do not draw hasty conclusions about this. Remember that there may be great economies for the country as a whole in this cottage industry, and in particular in handloom weaving. There are economies in transport. Not only is the raw material often produced next door, in the same village where it is spun and woven, but also there are great social advantages in not herding millions of men and women into the great cities in order to mobilise them for large-scale machine industry. Think of the vast resources which India would have to put into city transport and other public services, if she were to develop all of her industries in the cities. Only a country which is planning its development on a socialist pattern can take into account these major social economies. For they do not affect the individual firm, since the individual firm does not have to pay for these developments of public utilities, city housing, and transport. But the country does have to pay for them—so there may be great advantages in cottage industries after all.

J. S.: But what about the immense extra labour involved in the handloom?

NEHRU: I know, but India has only too much labour! Our problem is to find a way of employing the unemployed and the millions of additional workers who come upon the labour market every year. Of course we are not against mechanisation or large-scale industry. When and where they are necessary and suitable we are going in for them whole-heartedly. Even in this case of weaving it may be that the final answer will prove to be neither large-scale mechanised weaving in the city mills nor the handloom itself. It may be that the final answer will be the power loom electrically driven in the cottages of the weavers. That might not only be the socially best solution but also actually the most efficient solution in the unique circumstances of present-day India.

It would be quite wrong, of course, to suggest that this question of cottage industries, as against large-scale factory development, is the only, or even the most important, issue in Indian industrialisation. But it is the issue which, it seems to me, best illustrates some of the contrary, if not contradictory, strands in the complex pattern of thought and feeling which occupies one part of Nehru's mind—and of the minds of the main body of the other leaders of his country. (If the sceptical western reader is inclined to dismiss all this preoccupation with the possibilities of cottage industries as Gandhiist nonsense, he should study the relevant passages in Professor Arthur Lewis's work, *The Theory of Economic Growth*, especially pages 136-140 and 386. He will be made to realise that in the case of an underdeveloped and overpopulated country such as India, many of the arguments derived from the strictest theory favours cottage industry.)

The present situation in India struck me rather as if a Labour Government had come into power, by some miracle, in the Britain of the early nineteenth century, before the handloom weavers had all been squeezed out, and had put into practice some of Robert Owen's ideas. For India is in some, though by no means all, respects in a comparable stage of economic development to the Britain of over 100 years ago.

Be all that as it may, the impression left on my mind by this whole controversy, which never stops throughout Indian public life, and from the above conversation with Nehru, is that the Indians in general and the subtle mind of Nehru in particular, are determined that India should develop in her own way—imitating neither the West nor the East exactly, taking from each only what she can blend with her own traditions.

JOHN STRACHEY

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Christmas Joy

IT was Christmas Day. I arrived at Victoria Station and stood on the platform, gazing at the Golden Arrow through the sad glaze of a hangover. The day was bright blue, but I couldn't evoke the flourish of seas, castles or songs. I had caught meaninglessness like a bad cold. I was forty-eight, had wasted much of life, but had expected Victoria Station to strike a great bright bell with the dolphins playing. There was no such thing. I climbed into the train, and it slid out of the station like a smoky thief, clattering towards green Christmas fields, spires, cows, empty stations, riding with a cold glittering sun on its rump. Inside a man, I thought, there is a brilliant reel of fantasy and the world pulls on the thread and it is soon run out. You talk it out, you betray it, you throw it away. You are no longer a secret person with a private folded map in your wallet. You are nobody, spinning away in the dark with cotton thread. In such a case, like swallows or embezzlers or rich invalids, there are only trains, aeroplanes or ships. The world is large, and there is really plenty of thread somewhere else.

I ordered coffee and a man in the next seat lent me a *Sunday Pictorial*. MERRY CHRISTMAS, it shouted, and showed huge pictures of a train-smash. Most of the paper was devoted to television, about the personalities who wrote what the personalities said when they introduced personalities. Life itself was like a tiny shot bird. At last the sea appeared and we ran along it, and here was Dover. As it was Christmas the Customs officials stood behind their counters like a benign reception committee. I had never seen anything like it. They leant forward, bowing, and swiftly chalked the mark of sanctity on every piece of baggage without a second's hesitation. "A merry Christmas," they said. How many cynical smugglers travel on Christmas Day, their faces unctuous with goodwill, their bags bulging with heroin and Hartnell gowns? I entered the boat, and made for the third-class bar. Two ships' officers were drinking whisky. "A Merry Christmas," they said benignly. "May I order a drink?" I asked the steward. "The third class is closed, sir," said the steward. "All passengers are invited to the first-class bars."

I went upstairs and entered a spacious bar glittering with the winter sun. There were a few passengers seated and at the counter. A tall coloured man, a family party from the Midlands, an old lady, and the sort of bald man that you see in public libraries. All of them wore a slightly guilty look, the look of animals who for some reason or other have fled from the herd. Travelling at Christmas is like wearing a badly cut suit at a rich man's funeral; there is a touch of failure about it, so that the authorities feel compelled, with slightly averted eyes, to waive formalities and pretend there is nothing odd about it. A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL shouted white paint from the mirrors, and there were discreet pieces of holly stuck on the edges of the framed life-belt instructions. I went to the bar and ordered a Guinness. The ship trembled like a new horse, and I could feel a twinge, just a twinge, of joy. I sat down near one of the windows, and tried to tempt the joy, like a bird, to come nearer. But it flew over the blue water to the sun.

Soon we were out to sea. It was calm. There was not a tremble in the Guinness. I found myself sitting next to a thin man who was gazing at the sea with the horrified eyes of a frog face to face with a snake. "Merry Christmas," I said. "Merry Christmas," he murmured, smiling mechanically, and turning back to the snake. "Will you have a drink?" I said. "It would be festive," he said uncertainly, and asked for a port. I brought it to him, and he gazed at it for a moment or two in doubt. "Are you going far?" I asked. "To the Sahara," he answered. He looked back towards the childish blue sea, and his face began to grow pale and age enormously. "I'm sorry," he said suddenly, "I should never have done it." He rose and rushed from the bar, and I never saw him again.

By my third Guinness we were at Calais and the dignified serenity of the Christmas boat was replaced by utter confusion. There were two trains to Paris, one for second- and first-class passengers and the other for third class. The trains were divided by enormous station buildings in the course of construction, and one stumbled around cranes and struggled with jammed doors and got lost in cement-smelling passages to get from one side to the other. Having located the third-class train, secured a seat and dumped my baggage, I went to look for the buffet. "There is no buffet," said an official rather angrily. "It is under construction." "Well, somewhere to eat," I cried. "There is a restaurant in the train," he said, pointing towards a solitary restaurant car standing away from both trains. I went towards it and tried to enter, but was barred by another official with a huge, well-fed face. I could smell a delicious savour of frying onions, wine sauce, garlic, turkey and Armagnac. "This is only for passengers travelling to Paris," he said. "But I am travelling to Paris," I said. "You are not travelling *direct* to Paris," he replied with a tiny sneer, summing me up with the acute astuteness of a chef of the Grand European Expresses, "you are travelling via Bourg-les-Vaches, Montigny-les-Puits, Marquise Lapin, Boucheron, Coquelicot-les-Anes, Ampoule, and a hundred others." I then found a very old porter and told him my trouble. "There is a station bar," he said, "it is under construction, but they serve wines and beers. I myself will conduct you there."

He led me back through damp corridors, past lumps of mortar, under scaffoldings, until we arrived at a small bar. There were two other men there, laughing loudly and talking English. Undoubtedly Christmas holiday-makers on a spree. "Going to Paris?" I asked them. "Good heavens, no, we come from the ship." Looking closer, I recognised the officers I had seen in the third-class bar. I ordered some white wine, and started to make my way back towards the train. After wandering through a number of corridors, I found myself on the wrong side of the station buildings, facing the direct train to Paris, already filling with people in fur coats. In a panic, I tried to cut through various station offices, the Chef de Gare, the Assistant Chef de Gare, a ladies' lavatory, a telegraph office, and a vague room with poultry in it. Finally I found a glass door and forced it open. I was on the right side again. "Come here at once," shouted a voice behind me. I turned and saw a policeman. I walked back to him. "I have been to the buffet," I said. "There is no buffet," he said, "it is under construction. Follow me." I followed him into an office and was presented to another official. "Have you been through the Customs?" asked this official. "Certainly," I said. "I have merely been looking for something to eat." "There's a wagon-restaurant," said the official, looking at me with suspicion. "I was told it was for direct passengers to Paris," I said. "I am travelling via Bourg-les-Vaches, Montigny-les-Puits, Marquise Lapin, Boucheron, Coquelicot-les-Anes and Ampoule." "Then you have used the wrong door." He turned to the policeman and asked him to show me a door. Just as I had got outside the office he suddenly remembered to shout "Merry Christmas," but it may have been to another official.

ANTHONY CARSON

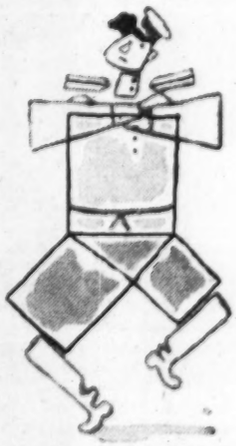
Fleet Street Notebook

TO the student of the press few occasions are more rewarding than a royal scandal or romance. Rumours of an estrangement between Queen Juliana and her husband have been circulating for some time. Not, however, until a German magazine, *Der Spiegel*, came out last week with a six-page article did the question of publication become an issue. Editorial conferences, brooding long on the matter in an atmosphere faintly reminiscent of that at the time of the Abdication—for newspaper editors, or some of them shall we say, tend to become more than usually conscious of their constitutional responsibilities when anything affecting the position of royalty comes up—had then to decide whether to run the story or not. Various decisions were taken—all of them characteristic. *The Times*, the *Telegraph*, the *News Chronicle* and the *Manchester Guardian* all decided at this stage to say nothing. The *Mirror*, remembering no doubt that its own history had been given to the world by Mr. Hugh Cudlipp under the proud title *Publish and Be Damned*, decided the time had come for the full works. It came out with a front page splash with photographs of Queen Juliana, Prince

EUROPE in PERSchwepptive

The perschwepptive of Russia reveals the hitherto unrecorded existence of a powerful SCHWEPPTH Column.

There is for instance, co-existent with a Five Year Plan, a Five Year Plan to end Five Year Plans, which includes a Five Year Plan for being totally inconsequent and digging up all statues of Workers looking steadily towards the sky as if they had just seen something tremendously encouraging above the horizon. There is also a Five Months Plan for being the person who occasionally takes an extra day off; a Five Fortnightly Plan for realising that though the New is obviously tremendously good in Russia, the isolated Old had individual moments when, intermittently, it was not bad either; and there is a Five Week Plan for reading Tolstoy



and Dostoievsky as great literature rather than as significant pointers demonstrating trends in the social evolution of a corporate body towards its destined counterpoise in the pattern of the body corporate. Not unconnected with the above is a Five Day Plan for intermittently allowing yourself to wonder whether the names of the inventors of the microscope, the microphone, Annie Get Your Gun, Macadam roads, and the Bridge of Pythagoras, really perhaps didn't absolutely certainly end in ov or ovitch. There is some support for a Five Minute Plan for getting up ten minutes late in the morning. Occasionally we put in motion the Five Second Plan for being a person not absolutely clear about his motives and definitely indistinct about his political allegiance.

Written by Stephen Potter: Assigned by George Ellis

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

Bernhard, Princess Beatrix, the heir to the throne, and the faith-healer, Miss Greet Hofmans, and headlines eight inches deep: "Royal Crisis Over a Faith-Healer: Bernhard and Juliana Quarrel Alarms Cabinet." The story was carried on over the back page under a double column heading. The *Sketch*, torn between two royalties, led with the Stockholm denials of any contemplated engagement between Princess Margaret and Prince Bertil of Sweden, but gave a good part of its back page to the troubles of the Dutch royal family. The *Express*, the *Mail* and the *Herald* all gave the story front page treatment although on a more modest scale than the *Mirror*. Both the *Express* and the *Herald* linked it with the Dutch general election, the *Express* advising its anxious readers that the Dutch would go to the polls in ignorance of the royal crisis, the *Herald* saying that "Royal Split May Sway Election To-Day."

By next day it was clear to practically everyone that reticence no longer had a chance—only the *Manchester Guardian* still elected to remain silent. (It did not take any real interest in the matter until two days later when it led with a double column story, "A Queen's Sorrow Made Public.") "Dutch Pay £2 a Copy for Yesterday's *Mirror*," shouted the *Mirror* jubilantly. "Juliana. Now the Govt. Orders 'Tell the People'." The *Mail* and the *Herald* both led with the story. The *Express* was only prevented from doing so by the even more important duty of denouncing the "Sell-Out" of Trinidad Oil. However, it gave a large part of what remained of its front page to it, and almost the whole of its main feature page. The *News Chronicle* and the *Telegraph*, although forced to take notice of the unfortunate affair, remained restrained—single column headlines only. As for *The Times*, faced with the distasteful duty forced upon it by the vulgarities of its contemporaries, it produced (seven inches down column) as superb an example of the style it keeps in reserve for such royal occasions as it has ever been my pleasure to read. "Publication outside the Netherlands will," it announced, "probably force the Dutch press to refer to a subject which till now it has scrupulously avoided . . . When sensationalism is put aside it can be stated that the limited eyesight of the youngest Princess, Princess Marijke, has caused Queen Juliana to accept the help of a so-called faith-healer . . . Although it is believed that the Prince of the Netherlands takes a more sceptical standpoint in this delicate matter, all suppositions and conclusions about a rift in the royal family seem to be highly exaggerated."

Since then the story has followed what appears to have become almost a natural cycle in such royal affairs. Readers of the popular newspapers have been alerted on the most "reliable inside information" to prepare for an official announcement of a "royal crisis"—in this case, possibly divorce, possibly even abdication—only to learn in even bigger type the next day that all reports of a crisis have been officially denied. This left most of them with nothing much to speculate about except whether Queen Juliana would or would not kiss Prince Bernhard when he arrived home from watching the Olympic riders in Stockholm. The *Daily Express*, forever a sticker, is doing its best to keep interest alive by the life story of Bernhard, "The Gay Prince," by a Personal Friend—who turns out to be none other than the *Express* Chief Foreign Reporter, Sefton Delmer. It has been on the whole a short-run story—which does not mean that we have necessarily heard the last of it. But in its way it has furnished a perfect reflection of how the British press rises to royal occasions.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

Glyndebourne

THE programme-book at Glyndebourne reproduces a postcard written from the NEW STATESMAN office by my predecessor, W. J. Turner, evidently during the first year or two of Mr. Christie's enterprise. "I doubt if productions of this high quality," he wrote, "have ever been known in Great Britain. Not to take this opportunity of hearing Mozart's great works so wonderfully produced without cuts is, I think, missing one of the finest artistic experiences that it is possible to have."

Though the phrase "without cuts" is not to be taken quite literally, Turner's words are in all essentials as true today, after 22 years, as when they were written. Inevitably we have come to take the miracle of Glyndebourne for granted; as year follows year, audiences notice improvements or setbacks: this year, they may say, we have a vintage *Figaro*, whereas last year's *Così* was—well, perhaps a trifle corked. But every now and again we are made sharply aware of the standards of artistic integrity so firmly established by Fritz Busch, Carl Ebert and Mr. Christie, and preserved intact throughout the long succession of casts printed at the end of the programme-book. Such an occasion, for me, was the travesty of *Idomeneo* presented at Salzburg on the occasion of Mozart's two hundredth birthday. Like any other human institution, Glyndebourne has its ups and downs; but never, I think, so long as the theatre remains in its present hands, will the masterpieces of Mozart be subjected to that kind of wanton disfigurement.

The *Idomeneo* revival of 1951, which was dedicated to Turner's memory, was in some ways the crown of Glyndebourne's achievement: not, of course, the best performance ever given there, any more than the opera is the best that Mozart wrote, but the most surprising—because otherwise inaccessible—demonstration of a relatively unfamiliar side of his genius. *Idomeneo* is not only the first explosion of that genius on a large scale; it also points, like almost nothing else in his work except some of the concert arias, to the tragic masterpieces he might have written had he lived longer. As an instrumental and *opera buffa* composer, Mozart was born at just the right moment; but the circumstances of his time allowed no full outlet for the darker side of his dramatic powers. In 1781 *opera seria* was becoming obsolete; even Mozart's music could not quite vitalise the Abbé Varesco's stilted libretto—which is why *Idomeneo* is fated to remain a "festival opera." Ten years later, *La clemenza di Tito* showed that the old-fashioned framework had become meaningless for the composer of *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*. But it is impossible to believe that Mozart had finally turned his back on tragic subjects; as Goethe always said, he was the man who should have composed *Faust*.

The 1956 revival of *Idomeneo* did not, I am bound to say, get off to a very successful start: the performance under John Pritchard on the opening night was equal neither to those conducted by Busch in 1951 nor to those of Pritchard himself in 1952. There was a tendency to rush things, sacrificing musical beauty to the supposed demands of dramatic effect; it was significant that the last act, where music and drama go hand in hand, was also much the best performed. That some of this over-tense approach to the score was the result of first-night nerves was shown by the notably more relaxed effect made by a subsequent broadcast in the Third Programme. The best performance came from William McAlpine, a beautifully smooth Idamante, and from Elisabeth Grümmer; the latter, without effacing memories of Sena Jurinac, presented a most accomplished Ilia, with exquisitely poised head-notes and a lovely composure of bearing. The casting of Electra provides an almost insoluble problem, because the spitfire of the first and third acts is obliged to turn so improbably sweet in Act II; Lucille Udovick was insecure on the first night, but there is fine metal in her voice which will eventually tell, and the broadcast showed that she has already gained confidence. One would like a more regal-looking Idomeneo, with less aggressively English vowel-sounds, than Richard Lewis, and one would like also to be rid of what *The Times* justly called "that awful Glyndebourne ballet"; nevertheless, the Sussex *Idomeneo* is something which no ardent Mozartian should dream of missing.

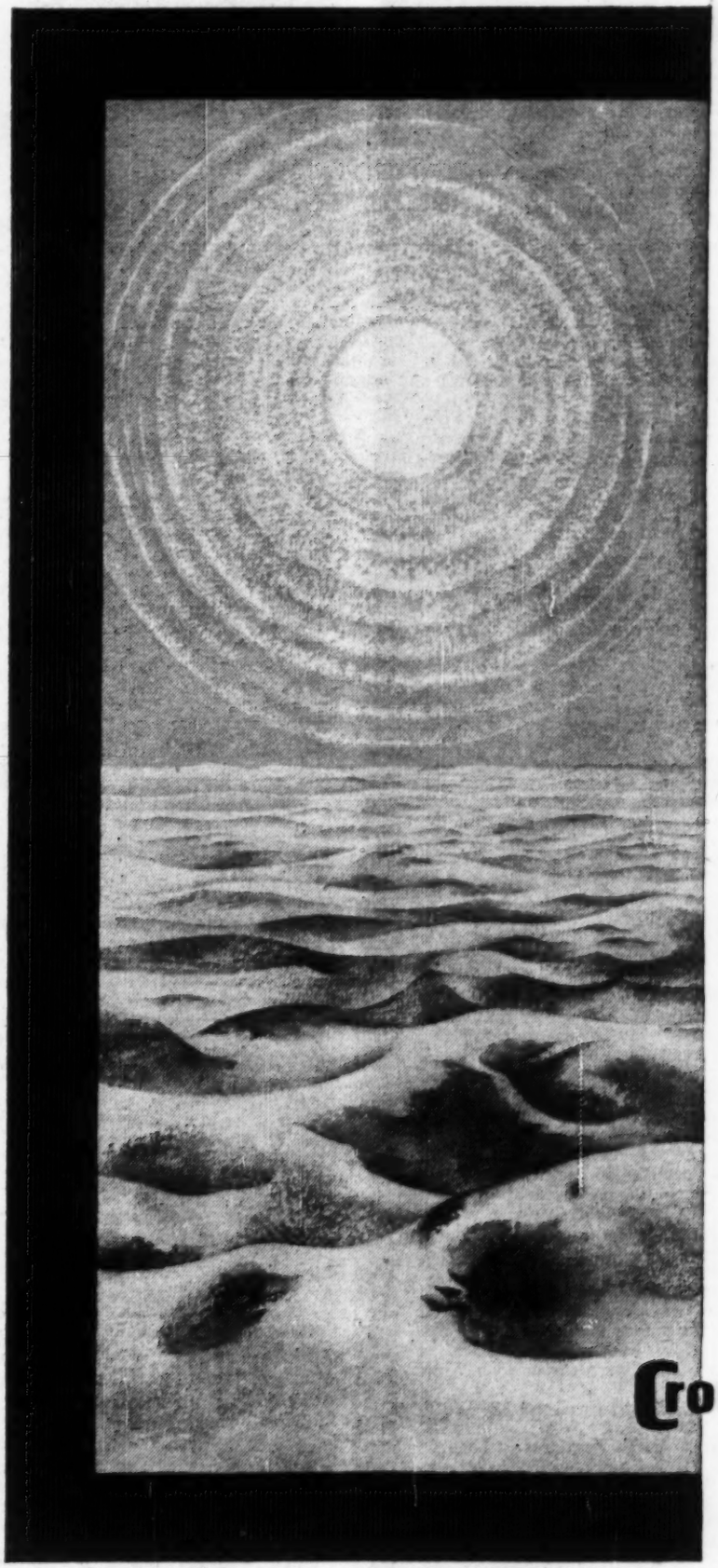
On the following night *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* was presented absolutely complete, including the seldom-heard last act aria for Belmonte. This is a fine but very difficult number, and it taxed the powers of Ernst Häfliger, a singer for whom I have the greatest respect but who was undeniably rather stiff in action and dry in tone on this occasion. As a whole, however, the opera came off beautifully—better, in fact, than any Glyndebourne *Entführung* I have seen either before or since the war. Paul Sacher's conducting was both exhilarating and sensitive; Oliver Messel's sumptuous and fanciful decor (though I could do without that tortoise) marks a huge advance on those of his two predecessors; and Peter Ebert has wisely avoided the temptation to overdo the funny business. Indeed, Arnold van Mill's Osmin, most beautifully sung, might be thought almost too solemn and too lean—as though he were modelling himself on his dignified employer; but even that is a relief from the usual uproarious buffoon. In compensation, Lisa Otto's sweet-voiced Blonde was deliciously funny, and Kevin Miller showed no want of vivacity as Pedrillo; while Mattiwilda Dobbs, if not very affecting in her G minor aria, fairly dazzled the house with the sureness of her florid singing in "Martern aller Arten"; she is one of the few sopranos who do not sound, towards the end of that ordeal, as though they are running to catch a bus. In short, the little opera which can be something of a trial in its naivety and odd mixture of styles is this year an outstanding success: a vintage *Seraglio*.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

A Mixed Bag

I AM sad to have to concur in the general opinion about Mr. Robert Helpmann's production of *Romeo and Juliet* designed for the Old Vic tour of America. Mr. Helpmann's dramatic power whether as producer or actor is an asset to the theatre. But this production is dreadfully slow, long and, to be frank, boring. The play is so ramshackle in its construction and so unconvincing by modern terms that the only hope is to carry it through at the briskest possible pace, trusting that the fire and beauty of the young lovers will reconcile us to the tediums of the ricketty plot. Mr. Helpmann takes an opposite view. He elongates scene after scene with a dumb-show beginning or a dumb-show end. The mime is in every case effective: it holds the stage: it illustrates the mood: it is always both in taste and in keeping. But it also mercilessly prolongs, and prolongation with this play is fatal. Let me, however, in fairness add that a young neighbour in the stalls, who was seeing the play for the first time, vociferously disagreed with this judgment.

Miss Claire Bloom has certainly extended her range since we last saw her as Juliet. She has added to her rare beauty a real passion and a confident attack. In the second half particularly she gave a fine rendering of romantic grief. Yet even over this one must have reservations; it was post-Shakespearian acting, and at odds with the rest of the production. Mr. John Neville's Romeo is in the very opposite style, the conventional poetic. He uses his musical voice to pronounce the speeches just as people expect to hear poetry



SOURCES OF POWER

The Sun

Soon, we are told, the Sahara will
blossom like the rose. That is as may be:
what seems likelier, sooner, is
that many better-loved places will
bloom anew at the Sahara's expense.
The natural heat-traps of the world
can be used for transforming
solar rays into electrical power.
Already a device exists by
which one square mile of desert could
be made to supply 175 million
horse-power-hours a year.
To handle and control such amounts of
electricity would vastly interest
Crompton Parkinson—who, since the
dawn of the electrical era,
have been associated with the
pioneering and production of major
electrical dévelopments.
When and where the sun is *invited* to
scorch up the earth, Crompton
Parkinson, hot but happy, will be
perfectly capable of putting the
resultant power through its paces.

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pronounced, and the result is, of course, as always with the totally predictable, deadly. When Mr. Neville can combine the real acting of his character roles with the vocal virtues of his poetic ones, he will be on the road to fulfilling his promise. Mr. Paul Rogers, if not fiery tempered enough for Mercutio, makes a hit with his characteristic comedy, and Miss Wynne Clarke has a good shot at a younger-than-usual Nurse. Mr. Loudon Sainthill's set has atmosphere and charm, but the staircases have turned out, in practice, tricksy. Yet with all its faults this is a serious production aiming at the proper marks. If the American public understand the limitations of the Old Vic, and if the performances can be speeded up and invigorated, it will represent us well enough across the Atlantic.

To us, from that side of the Ocean, comes *The Caine Mutiny Court Martial*, a trial play extracted from the novel by Mr. Herman Wouk. I should like to have been able to hear and see this play, for to judge by what I could catch and glimpse in such a large theatre as the Hippodrome, it is of considerable interest. As usual with adaptations from books, something vital has been left out of the theatre version which is presumably suppliable by those familiar with the work in its original form (which I am not). On a certain night when the destroyer he was commanding ran into a typhoon, its commander, a fiery disciplinarian of the U.S. Navy, had his command seized from him by his rugged young executive officer. Was the action justified? Was the captain running his ship into danger? Had he panicked? Or was the young man actuated by malice? We learn in the first half that the skipper was a petty tyrant, and his ship an unhappy ship. But was the young executive officer's drastic action dictated by accumulated spite or dire necessity? The issue is in doubt until the young Jewish counsel for the executive officer puts the skipper on the stand and gradually the veteran's control slips, and he slides before the eyes of the court into the kind of psychopath capable of cowardice.

So far so good. The necessarily fore-shortened trial makes good dramatic material, and Mr. Lloyd Nolan as the skipper manages the disintegration with the finest tact and a beautiful judgment of the step-by-step decline. Admirable studies, too, from Nigel Stock and David Knight and, indeed, all of a well-directed cast. The short epilogue in which the author suddenly for some reason turns his whole case upside down must refer to something in the novel which is never worked into the play. But one must protest at finding this interesting piece in so wholly unsuitable a theatre as the Hippodrome. My colleague, Mr. Kenneth Tynan, who saw the play in the States, complains that some of the subtleties of Mr. Nolan's performance are missing in the English version. This is not surprising, for they would be wasted on the majority of the audience in a theatre as big as this, where one can neither feel the tensions, see the actors or hear (from the dress circle) more than half of what is said. No doubt Mr. Henry Sherek, who is jointly responsible, can bring forward figures to prove that in the present economic state of the theatre only so could the play pay its way. But if the largeness of the theatre makes the play impossible for most of the audience to enjoy, he may be defeating his own ends.

Mr. Robertson Hare has not been well enough served lately by his dramatists, and his devoted admirers, among whom I count myself, will not feel that Mr. John Dighton with *Man Alive!* at the Aldwych is any more successful. Farce needs the tightest construction of any dramatic form, just because it is the most artificial; loose ends are inadmissible. But here loose ends abound, and though Mr. William Chappell has done his best to conceal them behind a neat and stylish production, they prove fatal long before the end. Finally, let me briefly recommend *For Amusement Only*, the revue at the Apollo by Mr. Peter Myers. The material is not particularly original, but the presentation is fresh and lively by a young cast with vitality and talent.

T. C. Worsley

Sunday Observance

In the past I have often found that Monday night provides the best viewing. This week—except for Mr. Muggeridge's *tour de force* in handling that brilliant but perceptibly "upset" Irish playwright, Mr. Breadan Behan—it was easily beaten by Sunday.

I missed the Brains Trust, but am told that it was to some extent disappointing, largely because the quality of the questions was not up to the quality of the panel. If a producer is lucky enough to assemble a team consisting of Professor Auden, Dr. David Daiches, Sir Oliver Franks, and Sir Solly Zuckerman, it is a pity to waste their time with trivial questions: better to risk switching-off by lowest common morons and go all out for a discussion at Third level.

But there was no disappointment, for me at any rate, in *Mrs. Patterson*, an American play about the drab life and glittering fantasies of an adolescent Negro girl in the deep South. Miss Eartha Kitt's previous appearance in TV drama, sultrily impressive as it was, compelled a suspense of judgment: her condemned murderess was so dead-pan that the effect might have been mainly due to skilful production. In *Mrs. Patterson* she explored the gamut of emotions not merely, in Miss Parker's famous phrase, from A to B, but from A to, say, P or Q. She was gay or morose, hesitantly amorous or a spitfire rebel; and always—a notable achievement for a Dunham-trained dancer and Café de Paris cabaret star—superbly gawky.

The authors of *Mrs. Patterson* seem to have studied Freud, and also perhaps Strindberg: Miss Elisabeth Welch, perched stationary up a tree, recalled the woman in the cupboard in *The Spook Sonata*. These dream-fantasy sequences were compulsively garish and mechanical, with the sudden irruptions of horror or shame (the white *grande dame* caught cheating at black-jack, an ace in her vast Edwardian hat) typical of the true nightmare. They also—an ingenious concession—provided a "vehicle" for the display of Miss Kitt's more familiar talent as a singer: e.g., in the ambiguously worded number, "My Daddy is a Dandy."

After this, Sir Gerald Kelly gave the last of his six autobiographical reminiscences. This one was about Cézanne, whom he visited as a young man. Of what the Master said to him, he could recall only the one sentence: "It is very difficult to make apples round." But he gave a vivid picture of the garlic-redolent old painter; and Sir Gerald's own complete candour and charming informality made this exceedingly good viewing. "Old men forget," he quoted, "but he'll remember with advantages." The advantages were ours.

All this was on the BBC; but ITV put up some creditable competition, starting with a religious question-time (the panel consisting of two Anglicans, an R.C., and that sparkling veteran Protestant, Dr. Micklem). The Hungarian dancers, annoyingly enough, competed with *Mrs. Patterson*. *Portrait of a Star* was devoted to an enchanting cartoon character named Mr. Magoo, described as a "myopic extravert": the LCM may not have understood this label, but no one could fail to enjoy Mr. Magoo's miraculous escapes from the appalling perils into which his short sight leads him.

Except for this, and the news, and Sir Gerald, and one or two other items, it is strange to reflect that most of the major performances on both the BBC and the ITV channels would have been illegal, under our grotesque Sunday-observance laws, if done on the stage. (Studio audiences are presumably allowed because they do not pay for admission.) A law which forbids such performances before the comparatively few patrons of the living theatre, but allows them when seen by millions, is an ass indeed.

* * *

In the big cities at any rate, we are becoming a nation of viewees as well as viewers. One of the favourite ways of wasting time, among tourists and office workers around central London in the afternoons, is to go and goggle over the shoulders of the passers-by whom ITV's *Kingsway Corner* interviewers pick up, often quite at random; or indeed on other outside broadcast occasions. It is easy for the gogglers to steal the show: there was a man on Monday afternoon deliberately making the most extraordinary faces at the camera—far more entertaining than the questions, which sometimes touch the nadir of banality (e.g., at Waterloo Station, " . . . and how did you become a lady announcer?").

* * *

I look forward to the appearance on BBC TV, on July 1, of the Soviet Army Ensemble of two hundred officers and men and "a small contingent of women." One aim of this Ensemble according to the BBC hand-out, is "to foster good taste in art among the soldiers." The same hand-out states: "Among the Western music it sings are such traditional songs as 'Annie Laurie,' 'Loch Lomond' . . . 'Land of Hope and Glory' and 'God Save the Queen.'" An ironic historian could hardly resign his vocation more happily than in the presence of a team of Red Army singers, straight from Russia, trained Marxists all, bellowing:

Wider still and wider shall thy bounds be set,
God who made thee mighty make thee mightier yet.

The Ensemble is, however, highly spoken of by Soviet and by non-Soviet critics: M. Guy Mollet remarked that he had "never witnessed such an amazing entertainment."

* * *

There has not been much praise from serious critics for Mr. Douglas Fairbanks's series of half-hour film novelettes, made here with an eye to the American market and shown by Associated-Rediffusion. Mr. Fairbanks's own prefatory commendations of these have always seemed to me a little unnecessary, if not pretentious: some of them are adequate thrillers, but they are not major works of art. I like them best when he acts in them himself: his quasi-diplomatic lay *persona* is so formidable that one had forgotten that he is an accomplished actor. The story of the latest I saw was far-fetched: but Mr. Fairbanks's performance as a Mayfair women's hairdresser who in his spare time robs and murders the customers was an ingenious, and convincingly sinister, characterisation. Of all Americans, however, Mr. Fairbanks should not get wrong the designations of English titled persons: Lord Frost's wife would *not* be "Lady Lucy Frost."

Tom Driberg

Do You Remember a Fuehrer ?

While everywhere else it has been Stalin's black week, in the cinema *Götterdämmerung* has overtaken Hitler. Once more the scowl of Mr. Evelyn Waugh and the Chaplin moustache rejoin in connections far from funny; once more the cap jammed over eyes, the blood-brotherly handclasp, the beaming on children, the smug brooding and behind doors the shriek of ecstasy. Yes, Hitler is back. Or rather, in *Ten Days to Die* (at the Cameo-Poly), it is both Hitler and not Hitler. He is bunkered, he drags a foot, he is in a dark that (though he may not admit it) will only be lighted by his own funeral pyre. From defeat all round he must wrest victory. The Russians and the Western Allies are about to meet? Then they will fight: he'll make them. He enjoys a tea-party of heroes from the children's brigade, who are allowed to fall to as soon as they have received their iron crosses. Then Göring and Himmler turn traitor, and the Russians are at the next block. He floods the Underground, marries Eva Braun. Champagne corks pop. The bridal pair retire behind guarded doors for a last pistol shot. It's all over, bar the burning. Gentlemen, you may smoke.

This is the mixture of fact and legend brought to the screen by G. W. Pabst and Erich Maria Remarque from a novel by M. A. Musmanno. It is true enough in essence—at any rate to our present conception of Hitler—and its great merit as a film is that it brings to life that inconceivable life *im Bunker* and Hitler himself. His entrance (our entrance, rather, to him) is delayed, so that we get to know the circles surrounding him: the stiffly cynical or shocked generals; the officers and the telephone rooms; soldiery, women, outer guards, intruders from a lost world. Among these is a true-spirited captain (Oskar Werner)—our chief concession to romance—who knows that whole armies are dying while he is kept waiting for an audience and who in the end accuses Hitler and is about to shoot him when the guards rush in. His words about peace, freedom, and a better world are allowed, too beseechingly, to rise again after the final holocaust.

A good deal depends on the Hitler of Albin Skoda. He manages to look like enough—not so easy under the scrutinising lens—and to behave as Hitler may well have done. The voice, and the actions of a dreadful puppet come to life, do quell; we never lose awareness of a presence. And there is even a touch of pathos in the saddened but faithful Goebbels.

By a strange coincidence another Pabst film about Hitler, *Jackboot Dictator*, also comes to the Berkeley. This relates, more factually but less impressively, the Stauffenberg plot to assassinate Hitler. Pabst has aimed here at an appearance of old news reels, reserving his camera angles for the climax and the army swinging into action. We get rather lost in the contradiction of events; and—since this, after all, was a "miracle" for Hitler—the Fuehrer is never shown to us except as a pair of jackboots knocking against that fatal briefcase. End and beginning are here a voice (Mr. Sam Wanamaker's) uneasily declaiming.

The strange accompaniment to this film is Diana Dors in *My Wife's Lodger*: "the film that brought her fame." To us it brings melodrama that looks dated about 1915 (though it is in fact only half a dozen years old), a Miss Dors who has grown since.

She is herself in *Yield to the Night* (Carlton), both platinum perfect and taking a mudbath as murderess in the condemned cell. This is a quite serious and frightening film about the ritual murder of those who have murdered. The victim shares a room with two warders, the light is never put out, her nails are cut after every bath, she is given two spoons to eat a fried egg, cocoa to calm the nerves, a daily walk in the yard, and every trivial ailment causes a flutter lest the flesh should not, on the important day, be fit for hanging. In such details, and in the subsidiary roles of warders, visitor, chaplain (Athene Seyler and Yvonne Mitchell are exceptionally good) the film can't go wrong. As to Miss Dors: well, she does her not inconsiderable best, but can't help being Dors. The murderess isn't quite real; and just as well, or that final opening of the door might make us rush out and ask how our M.P. had voted.

Jacqueline, at the Odeon, is a pleasant little film about a child whose father drinks and who will sing like an angel in church when you can get her there. A pleasant Belfast piece enjoyably written by Patrick Kirwan and Liam O'Flaherty.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, at Sadler's Wells

The two latest additions to the repertoire of Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet during their London season are not as interesting as they ought to be, since both are by young choreographers who now have the chance to experiment. If there are to be artistic failures in this company, they should be bold ones and not rehashes of formulæ that the choreographers have already worked out. *Saudades*, by Alfred Roderigues, is the story of a Moorish king who brings a northern princess back from the war. She begins to wilt for want of the snow until a boy brings her almond blossom which she seems to think is scented snow and, recovering, decides to marry her conqueror. Mr. Roderigues is primarily a story-

Fear not, dear lady. A mod. kitch. always looks thus when it is bg. blt. One day soon, glue-pot, sawdust and long-suffering joiner gone, you will find that the architect was right after all: it will be a dream kitchen. Nowadays such dreams are made, to a large extent, of hardboard, a most workable building material that is seen—and taken for granted—in shelves, partitions and cupboards at home, the office and the factory. But this versatile board is only one of the things that Bowaters make. The full catalogue runs from delicate tissues to newsprint rolls 4½ miles long. For the enjoyment of living, Bowaters provide paper for magazines and books, for wrapping sweets and biscuits. For the business of living, Bowaters provide packages for commerce and industry, even building material. Directly or indirectly all benefit from the diversified activities of the Bowater Organization.

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telling choreographer: dancing takes second place, so that he must rely on his powers of dramatic tension and atmosphere to hold the audience. But whereas in *Blood Wedding* he successfully created a glutinous atmosphere of sin, he fails to create any atmosphere at all in *Saudades*. The impression is neither as poetic nor as exotic as the scenario demands. Only Johaar Mosaval as the boy immediately gives a sense of mystery amid the cheaply characterised subjects of the king. Brenda Bolton behaves charmingly as the princess, but is so unfortunately corsetted in staring white that the expression of her face is almost entirely nullified. Denis Ap Ivor has written a suitably dramatic score, but Norman Adams' decor is only effective in patches. *Solitaire* is Kenneth Macmillan's new ballet. In a semi-abstract vein it tells of a suburban darling who cannot get on with her fellow dancers. It has neat, clean steps and is easy to forget.

A. F.

The Song of a Dead Soldier

For seven years at school I named
  Our kings, their wars—if these were won,
A boy trained simple as we come,
  I read of an island in the sun,
  Where the Queen of Love was born.

At seventeen the postman brought
  Into the room—my place of birth,
Some correspondence from the Crown
  Demanding that with guns I earn,
  The modern shilling I was worth.

Lucky for me that I could read,
  Lucky for me our Captain said,
You'll see the world for free my son,
  You're posted to an island, John,
  Where the Queen of Love was born.

In twenty weeks my back was straight,
  My eye could draw a wicked bead,
My duty in a bayonet shone,
  And nine white bellied porpoise lead
  Our ship of shillings through the sun.

Landing behind the fife and clad
  In war-suits worth ten well taxed pounds—
The costliest I ever had—
  The place was gold and white and blue.
  Did Love's Queen spot our drum and flag?

Mother, we marched through our curfew,
  My heart beat like a soft red toad
Boiled in fright, but our Captain cheered,
  So I drank my eyes out of my head
  And wet Her shilling with my fears.

When morning came our Captain told,
  This island shaped like an ass' skin
Must be kept calm, must be patrolled.
  For in outposts lie the heart and soul
  Of empire, love, and law, and rule.

I did not know to serve meant kill.
  I did not see the Captain fall,
As my life went out through a bullet hole,
  Mother, I said, your womb is done,
  Did they spend your English shilling well?

And then I saw a hag whose eyes
  Were big as medals—grey as lead,
I called my rifle but it lay dead,
  The Captain roared—but my ears were dud,
  The hag kissed warm, we met in blood.
  English shilling, Queen of Love.

ENVOI

Tom, Dick and Harry living still
  Is it for your good my life is gone?
Is your house next for the press-gang's call?
  Does your coloured Jack breed carrion?
  O, stone those crows, for my life is gone.

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

The Man Who Has Everything

ONE day in 1947, just after his appearance before the Committee on Un-American Activities, Bertolt Brecht abandoned the lush beguilements of the American way of life and returned to his early love, Berlin. Only now there were two Berlins: Brecht went east. Today, the man who scorned the material comforts of America rules in east Berlin a theatrical empire which is a playwright's paradise. The state-financed Berlin Ensemble puts on as much of Brecht's work as he wishes: he can keep a play in rehearsal for six months if he likes: his company consists of 240 actors, with many young directors and designers learning his methods and ideas. There are old, musical friends, Eisler and Dessau, the stage designer Caspar Neher, who went to school with Brecht, and the best guest artists in Germany. "I have everything I could possibly want," says Brecht.

Does that include, western critics have asked, his artistic liberty? There was the disquieting case of *The Trial of Lucullus* which, as first presented in 1951, earned the displeasure of the East German authorities. The full story has probably not been told; but it is admitted that, "after long discussions on the subject with the entire Cabinet of the German Democratic Republic" (the words are those of a spokesman for the East German government in a letter to this journal in June '51), Brecht agreed to withdraw the play pending alterations. To any artist of integrity in the West such a compromise seems shocking, and Brecht was widely accused of both cowardice and time-serving. Both charges are misconceived. The fact is that Brecht is independent, outspoken, sometimes capricious—this is part of his great charm—but with all this he is a Marxist. In his own words: "If I agree with criticism, I accept it"; and as a Marxist he has never felt himself in the position to determine alone what he likes to call "the precise word for the historic moment." Thus, he accepted the criticisms of Pieck and Grotewohl about Lucullus. The main trouble arose over the music (considered "formalistic") and over the ending. Brecht afterwards said the revised version was "an artistic improvement."

Whatever his attitude to criticism—and he likes collective work, and regularly invites suggestions from friends—he is under no illusion about his status. Somebody asked him why his play *Galileo Galilei*, which includes a mocking satire on papal eminence, should have been put on in the Catholic stronghold of Dr. Adenauer's Rhineland. Brecht's veiled brown eyes glinted behind his spectacles: "I am so good they have to put me on," he chuckled through a well-chewed cigar. He is probably right. Brecht has been played in recent years from Milan to Helsinki, from Rostock to Zurich, and in both the Germanys. He is one of the very few, if not the only artist from the Communist half of the world to find general acceptance in the West. *The Threepenny Opera*, which swept the dispossessed society of Germany in the Twenties, has recently been a hit in both London and New York. For the second time in his life Brecht has "arrived." He has been responsibly hailed as the "greatest playwright of the 20th century" and critics, especially in Europe, trip over their tongues with heavy German words for his theories. "These," their originator grins, "shouldn't be allowed to influence the playgoers too much." He arouses fierce critical opposition too. He is naive, some critics say; "a one-string fiddle"; he deals in "pretentious ineptitudes", "gimmicks, tricks and gadgets." "He moves from horizon to keyhole in army boots": his truths are "puerile and vulgar." Thomas Mann summed him up in a devastating paradox: "very gifted—unfortunately."

Brecht takes these attacks in his stride. They do not change his philosophy or the way he writes. As a Marxist poet, he definitely envisages a concrete and Socialist future. Poetry and the theatre are his weapons for changing the world. His poems are an extended autobiography of himself and his era: he believes in the lasting quality of his work.

Neither success nor fourteen years of exile have changed Brecht's way of life. He dresses modestly in a grey-green military-style jacket and a worker's cap. (In Hollywood it used to be blue denims.) He is evidently not embarrassed by unshavenness or ill-smelling cigars. His hair, now greying, is cropped short and brushed forward. His physical surroundings are austere. In New York his white walled flat had a few Chinese scrolls—he is fond of everything Chinese—hessian curtains and no rugs. In Paris, the hero of two drama festivals, he lived with his company in a small left-bank hotel where the lift didn't work. Even today, with all his privileges, he occupies the back part of a house with "the scrolls and rugs from the emigration," a few other good pieces and a small but pleasant garden. He does, however, have a country house in Bukow where he spends the summer writing. He keeps his possessions in perfect order; indeed order and precision are the keynotes of his thinking, and his speech is meticulously precise. He abhors vagueness, sentimentality and generalities. "Truth is concrete," reads the motto hanging in his workroom. And his style is appropriately sharp, candid and colloquial.

His working habits are as disciplined and tidy as everything else about him. He does his own writing till 9 a.m.; then, if he is in rehearsal, off to the theatre for the rest of the day. The evenings are kept for social life. He avoids formal meetings and conferences if he possibly can—"and," says his secretary, "he can." Political news is still his paramount interest; one of his hobbies is to collect press cuttings and photos from everywhere. Many of his plays are based on current events and he keeps abreast of all the news. He is a voracious reader and buys masses of books—science, philosophy, sociology, history, plays and poetry—from German and foreign booksellers, with crime fiction for relaxation. Chess is his favourite game. Altogether this is a sophisticated man of the world who, as his plays and poems show, has experienced his experiences.

These started grimly enough with the First World War. Born of well-to-do parents in the Black Forest 58 years ago, he showed early characteristics of independence and rebellion. As he writes in one of his poems:

> My parents put a collar on me and raised me
> In the habits of those who are waited on.
> I was taught the art of giving orders but
> When I grew up and looked about me
> I did not like the people of my class.
> I didn't like giving orders and being waited on.
> So I stepped out of my class and joined
> The humble people. . . .

What actually happened was that the war dragged young Brecht from the medical studies to which his parents had put him and brought him face to face in a base hospital with some of the most grotesque horrors of the century. He survived and returned to a Germany which was harsh, starving and cynical in defeat. In 1918 he wrote his famous *Legend of the Dead Soldier*—the Kaiser, having used up all the living, passes a corpse as fit for battle—and recited it to the strains of his own guitar. But he was not content to sit sighing in this savage fatherland. In the

cafés of Munich and Berlin, a group of friends—Piscator, George Grosz, Wolf, Feuchtwanger, Brod, Unruh, Hasenclever, Homolka—met together to discuss ideas, philosophy, politics and to hammer out a new revolutionary art. Brecht was in the thick of it all. For a short time he even served on a Soldiers' and Peasants' Soviet in his native Augsburg.

As a poet he can be lyrical, tender and touching, for he believes in humanity even when he is denouncing sentimentalism or scourging his enemies. "Terrible is the temptation to be good," remarks a character in one of his later plays. Much of Brecht's work is concerned with good deeds spoiled by bad social conditions; but in his earlier days he was something of a nihilist and anarchist. "My political understanding at that time was disgracefully slight," Brecht has since observed.

The first great success came in 1928 with the *Dreigroschenoper*, which ran several years in Germany. Kurt Weill's ballad music was sung on every street corner. Brecht was no longer "notorious"—he was famous: for a time, surprisingly, he even had a limousine and a chauffeur. Then came Hitler. The day after the Reichstag fire, the whole family fled, Brecht himself, his wife, Helene Weigel, two children and some friends. For seven years he disappeared before the invading armies of Nazism, leaving behind him, however, an unmistakable trail of plays and poems. Five plays came from his stay in Denmark; *Puntila* from Finland (written in collaboration with the Finnish poetess, Hella Wuolocki, the mother-in-law of the present Finnish ambassador in London); other works appeared from Sweden, Russia and the U.S.

In 1941 Brecht's cavalcade ended up in Hollywood; but not as other writers end up in that fantastic dreamland. He lived in his normal style. His little house in Santa Monica was sparsely furnished; his clothes and habits were simple. Helli, his wife, did the cooking and housekeeping, raised the children, tended the fig-tree in the garden and collected funds and clothing for the anti-Nazi underground. (Incidentally, Hollywood was as unaware of this great actress in its midst as it was of her husband.) Brecht worked incessantly; *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*, one of his best known plays, belongs to this period. He had constant ideas for movies and to earn his living actually worked on three. The state of mind in which he did so is revealed by the following lines which date from that period:

> Every morning to earn my bread
> I walk to the market place where lies are sold.
> Full of hope
> I join the queue of those who sell.

In the end one of his stories, *Hangmen Also Die*—based on Heydrich, the butcher of Czechoslovakia—appeared on the screen; "but it didn't come out quite as I wrote it," Brecht comments wrily. Afternoons or evenings in Hollywood Brecht spent with friends and fellow emigrés, Hans Eisler, Heinrich Mann, Feuchtwanger, Leonhard Frank, Bruckner, Chaplin—whose art he admires more than any—Huxley, Auden, Isherwood, Laughton. (Hollywood was still generous to anti-Nazis then.) Politics were, as always, the burning interest; and later he was to be accused in Washington of "discussing politics" with his friends. Again, his own words from one of his poems establishes the mood:

> Truly I live in dark days;
> To utter a guileless word is stupid. . . .
> He who laughs
> Has merely not yet received
> The bad news.

A few of Brecht's plays were being produced in universities and the little theatres. Over a year's grinding work went into the production of *Galileo*, with Charles Laughton and Joseph Losey. Brecht's ways sometimes drove his colleagues, as one of them has put it, "to the point where we'd feel like throwing a book at his head." Days were spent in finding "the precise word for the historic moment"; but Laughton and Losey ended up with the same fascinated affection which so many other of Brecht's colleagues have felt. *Galileo* was eventually put on for three weeks in Hollywood and later in New York; but in 1947, just before its New York première, its author was whisked off to appear before the un-American Activities Committee in Washington. Even there Brecht's sardonic answers lent a touch of grim humour to the hearing. Laughter, in fact, is one of the basic and most endearing of Brecht's characteristics. His weapon may be the surgeon's knife, but he wields it with creative joy. Once again let him speak for himself:

> In the earthquake to come it is to be hoped
> I shan't allow bitterness to quench my cigar's glow,
> I, Bertolt Brecht, astray in cement cities,
> Brought from the woods in my mother long ago.

As a producer, Brecht takes endless pains. Photographs and tape-recordings are made, which he later studies at his leisure. He uses every device of the theatre in his productions; song and mime, dance, masks, revolving stages (his company transported its own revolving stage and 60 technicians to Paris) and choruses or narrators, who not only comment on what is happening on the stage, but may display their comments on screen or blackboard. Brecht borrows ideas from everywhere. Asked once if he approved of adapting the work of others in this way, he answered: *"Man kann's machen wenn man's machen kann."* He loves his actors, and they in return must feel and understand their parts. In rehearsal he torments and challenges them, again and again, till it clicks. When this happens, he will jump up in excitement, as Chaplin does, and cackle with glee.

He will have no dim or misty lighting in his productions. His actors must "see it and say it" under bright lights—concretely, clearly and earthily. Helli even complains: "He is spending too much time on producing; he ought to be

writing more." And Brecht's answer? "I have everything I could possibly want."

Is that why Brecht "went east"? Partly no doubt. Partly too, let it be remembered, because Brecht is a German. In his own writings, he often talked of "the return," and though the Federal Republic of Konrad Adenauer and Alfred Krupp was not the Germany he had hoped for, he did not head immediately for East Berlin. For a year, he worked and produced his plays in Zurich. But, in the end, Berlin was the place where he could get the facilities that he wanted. For him, it was so different from the United States, where they failed to recognise the merit in this cross-grained, turbulent genius and perversely insisted that he, an exile from another land, should be arraigned for un-American activities. Brecht, perhaps, was hurt, but he was also ironical about his treatment in America. Early in the morning, on the very day after he had appeared before the Committee, two of his friends arrived from London at the Invalides air station in Paris. There, standing beside the famous news-stand, was a small figure fingering the magazines and chewing the butt end of a cheap cigar. The man had a familiar look: but *he* was three thousand miles away. They looked again. "It can't be . . ."; but it was.

"But you're in Washington," they cried.

"Ja, yesterday. But I know when I'm in a country where I'm no longer needed. When they accuse me of stealing the Empire State Building, I know it's time to skip."

Correspondence

RELIGION ON THE AIR

SIR,—Margaret Knight's criticism of religious broadcasting failed to stress one of its most lamentable aspects, which in common with so much that today emerges from Portland Place has the mass production character of the factory product. One can hardly criticise the B.B.C. for making religion one of its most important features; after all the whole project was born in an atmosphere of evangelical piety and seemingly has never lost it. What does grate on sensitive feelings is the tap-like manner in which these broadcasts are sandwiched in between Jam sessions, crooners, flatulent dance bands and vocal murderers. Everything is provided for everybody, spiritual fare for the weary, and blatant and brassy jazz for those whose ears are dim to the sweeter sounds of authentic music. We are a nation of tap turners and habit-forming morons. People listen, read, talk and eat; but even religion on the air, in spite of the manner in which these services are conducted, fails to reach home in the manner intended.

The propaganda character of the religious broadcast is destroying its true meaning but, in fairness to the B.B.C., many of the services are more effective than those heard in our half-empty churches. As for humanism one can well regret the change that has come over the scene; the accent today is on personality—Lady Boyle, Lady Barnett, Gilbert Harding—but where, oh where, are the giants like Shaw, Wells and Chesterton? Even the Third Programme has grown anæmic in the matter of controversy. People no longer speak out; they mumble. It was James Agate who once observed that the age that gave us the loudspeaker has nothing to say.

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SIR,—If one ponders a little on the article "Religion on the Air" by Mrs. Margaret Knight, it proves to be a most remarkable document. Let us grant straight away that the complete freedom she claims for all schools of thought to discuss religion on the air, within the normal limits of good taste, is legitimate. But why should she want, with such passionate desire, to discuss religion at all? Does she hold any *religious* views? I always assumed what she meant by "humanist" was "agnostic." This is by definition a neutral attitude to religion. It professes *not to know*, it may even assert the whole field of religious experience to belong to what is "unknowable" on principle. While not sharing this attitude, I think it is a valid position to take. It can be epitomised by Lord Russell's dictum in the *History of Western Philosophy* that what we cannot know through science we cannot know at all.

Agnosticism is thus not a religion. It has not the slightest motive to "crusade" against Christianity; indeed it is not equipped to do so, as it asserts that Christian truth cannot be proved or disproved by science.

Her strongly emotional tone, the revealing use of the word "adversaries" when referring to Christians at the end of her article, makes one suspect that Mrs. Knight when speaking of "humanists" means "atheists" rather than "agnostics." If it be so, she would indeed have introduced a "religion" of a sort and appear to be entitled to have time allotted her for "religious" broadcasting. In fact she would have introduced a dogma more stupendous than any one ever known in history, one that is at variance with the whole experience of mankind throughout the ages. It is probably because "humanist" in her understanding of the word really means "dogmatic atheist" that she so very wisely dropped the adjective "scientific" by which I believe she used to qualify the word in the past.

OLIVER E. FORD
Salford, 5.

TONBRIDGE ELECTION

SIR,—It amuses me to read the various and sometimes odd reasons put forward for the collapse of the Tory vote at Tonbridge. No paper has yet given the people a true picture of what happened. As I have lived in this division for over 40 years, and spent 20 or so of them in active politics, perhaps you will allow me to give the facts of the most disastrous straight-fight by-election for the Tories since 1945.

Tories and Liberals voted Labour. In five words you have the answer to what everyone is trying to twist into a complex problem. Some readers may ask, how do I know this?

Some eight months or so ago I resigned from the local committee of the Conservative Association and joined the Labour Party. When news of the by-election came along, many of my Tory and Liberal friends told me they would vote Labour. A day or so before polling day, about 50 of them had volunteered this information to me. This raises the question of how many others voted Labour through the secrecy of the ballot box? When such information can be given to one man, it is clear that a great number of the Tory electorate, and those of the Liberal Party, swung to Labour.

A by-election poll is always less than that at a general election, as we all know. But isn't it strange that Labour should be only 400-odd down, when the Tories were 8,594 down? Here is another firm sign that Tories and Liberals supported Labour, otherwise Labour's poll of only 400-odd below that of the general election figure would, by the average run of things, have been much greater.

This raises the point that if Labour can poll at such strength in a by-election, without anything like full support from its followers in the Tonbridge division, what is the Labour poll going to be at the next general election?

Obviously Mr. Macmillan would like to bring in some kind of controls, but, of course, he's unable, because of Tory stupidity, to do this. The alternative is an ever-increasing cost of living and a real flare-up in inflation in the autumn. With the cost of living soaring out of control, more and more of the electorate will turn to the sensible planned economy of Labour.

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GOVERNMENT BY BUFFOONS

SIR,—So far as I can see, there is no important section of public opinion today which seems to favour more repression in Cyprus, to believe it stands the smallest chance of success, or to have a scintilla of confidence in the official policy. But the policy goes on, and the shooting goes on. I doubt if there is any section of opinion which, if it knows the charges which have been made and the official answers to them, is less than uneasy over the doings in Kenya. But the concentration camps, the persistent reports of all manner of blackguardism, and the application of whitewash go on.

How much protest must a government stir up, and how little confidence can it command, before public opinion can stop it? A government of astute politicians might be persuaded or intimidated by electoral considerations, but the ringmasters have been replaced by augustes—what can we do with a government of buffoons? Do we have to join the terrorists ourselves and bomb the Cabinet Office? Do we have to insult Sir Anthony Eden at a well-chosen series of public banquets? Or must we continue to witness a succession of these displays of firmness and strength which characterise weak and inept governments until the members of the Cabinet indulge their love of the gallows for the last time and hang themselves? How many more Kevin Barrys and O'Donovan Rossas do we make for posterity meanwhile? How many more National Servicemen are going to be killed? How many more children do we propose to educate with life sentences, and what attitude to our "way of life" do we expect this education to produce? How do we proceed, in a social democracy, to prove to men who appear ineducable that they cannot remedy stupidity by pigheadedness and cruelty—and if we cannot prove it to them, how do we remove them?

ALEX COMFORT
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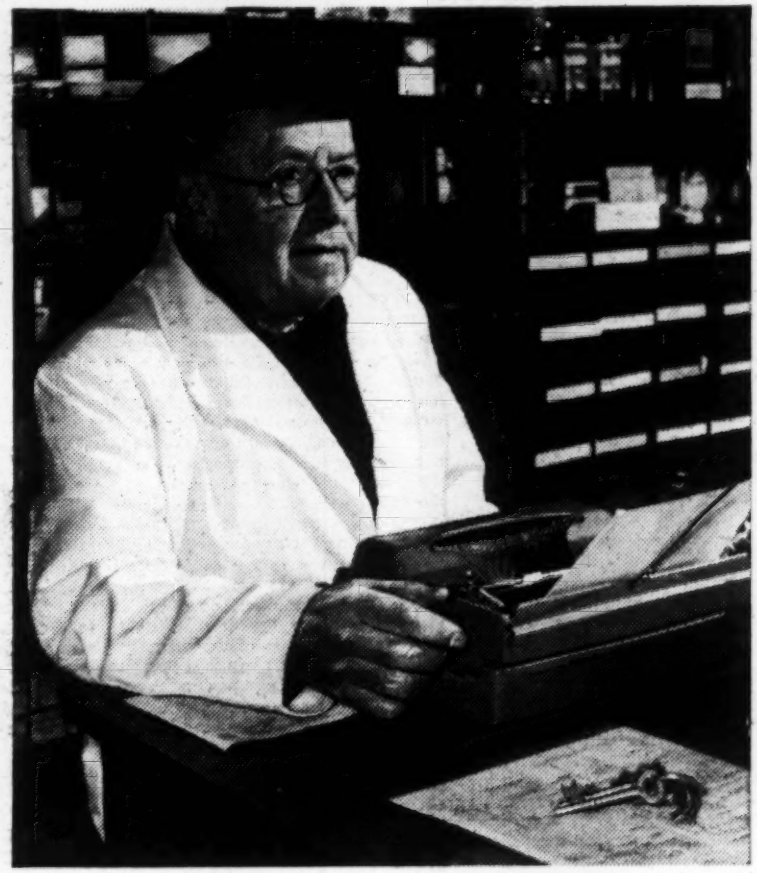
A SLIGHT CASE OF APARTHEID

SIR,—In your last issue you published two letters. The first was by "Socialist" and the second was by Mr. Geoffrey Gorer. "Socialist" writes: "I have yet to hear from any African in Central Africa any objection to separate residences, in the first place." In fact, Africans are strongly opposed to the idea of separation as envisaged at the University of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. "Socialist" says that he participated in some of the early discussions with both Africans and Europeans on this issue. When and where did these discussions take place? With what group of Africans did he discuss the issue? Did he discuss it with educated Africans or the ordinary farm workers? The pity of it is that things are always decided for us in Central Africa. How long shall we be subjected to the idea of white superiority? The surprising thing is that in a foreign land I am accepted as an equal while in my own country no matter how educated I am, I am always delegated to an inferior position. Are white people aware of the fact that by their actions in Central Africa they are sowing seeds of hatred? Africans in Central Africa, particularly in Southern Rhodesia, have for many years been quiet, hoping that some day things will change for the better. I am afraid changes are still far away because we have people who are ready to tell us to be slow but sure.

"Socialist" also wants us to believe that even in London there is segregation when he says: "Let us not forget that even in London an African government has recently bought a house so that its own students may live separately here." Is he aware of the implications? Surely he knows that the University of London has very limited accommodation. Hence most of the students, white or coloured, have to live in "digs." When African or any other coloured students have to look for such accommodation, they are faced with the problem of landladies who will not take coloured persons as lodgers. Hence the African government bought a house for its African students in order to avoid the frustration that the students come up against when they first come to this country. There is no discrimination in the college hostels. May I make it clear to "Socialist" that he should not attempt to make people in this country believe that the Africans in Central Africa support the idea of separation? Those who do, if any, are stooges who want to gain European favour.

Mr. Geoffrey Gorer made some reference to



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African habits of diet, bathing, etc. Is he unaware that social change is taking place in Africa? Does he know what foods sophisticated Africans eat? The question of food is a flimsy excuse for denying the African freedom of choice. Since I came to London, I have lived at an International House which has been running for over six years now. Here people from different parts of the world live together. One-third of the students are English. Two or three people of different nationalities often share the same room. Since the house was opened, the only two people who would not live together at one time were an English girl and a Welsh girl. Such a thing can happen anywhere and so we need not make any generalisations about it. However, the basic fact is that human beings can live together if only they are given the chance. Try it. Now is the time to demonstrate that in Central Africa we really mean what we say when we talk of "partnership." It is only by living together that the African, as well as the European, will dispel that fear and shyness which keep the two apart.

M. A. WAKATAMA

The Methodist International House,
4 Inverness Terrace, W.2.

CHILD PRISONERS IN KENYA

SIR,—It is understandable for you to champion the cause of the Kikuyu whom you see as the victims of a ruthless colonial government. The principle is laudable; but reading Miss Fletcher's allegations and Mr. Mallalieu's comments on the Commons debate on Kenya, I was struck by the feeling that both are misguided in their attacks.

I am *not* a Kenya settler and disagree most strongly with nearly all of Kenya's European politicians—especially in their anti-Asian attitude. But Miss Fletcher complains of young Kikuyu girls having to carry heavy loads while in detention camps. I have lived in Kenya for nearly two years and have seen the inside and outside of detention camps, and I can assure Miss Fletcher that Kikuyu girls carry much heavier loads and work considerably harder in their reserves than they do in detention camps.

I have read Jomo Kenyatta's defence of this tribal custom of making the women do the hard work in his *Facing Mount Kenya*, but I find it revolting. It is pathetic to see children hauling enormous loads of firewood and household goods along the roads while their menfolk literally walk idly in front carrying nothing. Anthropologists may have the most plausible explanation for this, but why express astonished horror when the practice is continued, on a much lesser scale, in a detention camp? At least in these camps the men may carry a fairer share of the working day's burden.

VINCENT MATTHEWS

Box 380, Nairobi.

HOLY LENINISM

SIR,—It is to be hoped that the intense discussion now in progress in Communist circles about the meaning of Stalin's twenty-year dictatorship, and its ending and repudiation by the present leaders of the U.S.S.R., may result before long in some serious analytical work of general value to the labour and progressive movement, comparable to R. P. Dutt's *Fascism and Social Revolution* of more than twenty years ago. So far there is, alas, no sign of this happening; for a very long time indeed it has not been the done thing to apply Marxist method to the study of Soviet society, and that inhibition may not be easily overcome. Yet already there is quite a considerable amount of material to hand indicating that profound social changes are accompanying the political and ideological changes that began in 1953.

Among the very first actions of the new régime which succeeded Stalin and Beria was a sweeping reform in policy towards the peasantry, whose conditions had worsened in the post-war years. Taxes falling upon them were slashed, with cancellation of arrears, while the prices paid to them for their compulsory deliveries to the State were greatly increased. The ominous talk of an approaching prohibition of private trade in favour of a "products-exchange" system ceased abruptly. A host of measures have followed since, designed to level-up conditions in the countryside and enhance the peasants' material incentives to produce and sell. More recently, the lower-paid sections of the working class have become the objects of benevolent attention by the authorities. Substantial levelling-up of wages has begun, with Mikoyan declaring at the party congress that the notoriously wide gap between wage-levels, which had long ceased to have any economic justification, is to be ended. The housing of the very poor, together with the provision of adequate pensions for their aged dependents and of free education for their sons and daughters, have acquired high priority in the allotment of public resources. Along with these changes to the advantage of the peasants and the lower-paid workers, a number of blows have been struck at the overgrown, overpaid and overprivileged managerial bureaucracy (with its academic and other hangers-on) that constituted to some extent the "social basis" of Stalinism—ranging from large-scale reduction in central government staffs, and measures of decentralisation, to clamping down on the abuse of public transport for private purposes.

At the party congress, emphasis was placed on the much greater proportion of workers from the bench and working peasants among the delegates, and on the new policy (or, rather, revived old policy) of giving preference to these groups in recruitment to the party. Steps such as the repeal of Stalin's law of 1936 penalising abortion show a greater responsiveness by the new leadership to the real problems and wishes of the ordinary people of the U.S.S.R. Associated with the trend to decentralisation is the marked falling-off in the arrogant assertion of Great-Russian hegemony, denigration of national heroes of the non-Russian peoples, and similar pathological phenomena of the chauvinist order which developed after 1934 and with especial force in the post-war period. The announcement of laws to make effective a number of provisions of the 1937 Constitution which have hitherto existed only on paper—such as the power of electors to recall an unsatisfactory deputy—gives promise of democracy reaching right down to the man in the street.

Perhaps we are seeing at least the beginning of the end of *all* those distortions of Socialist society in the U.S.S.R. to which André Gide directed attention in his *Retour de l'URSS* and which for so long were felt both as a burden by the Soviet masses and as an obstacle to friendship and solidarity by progressive people in other countries. All those distortions hung together as a single system; and a scientific study of how this system grew up and became consolidated, and how it was eventually overthrown and dismantled, would help to ensure that nothing of the same kind ever even starts to happen elsewhere.

MARXIST

FLEET STREET NOTEBOOK

SIR,—I think Mr. Francis Williams should try to improve his standards of accuracy. Last week he said that the *Daily Sketch* had printed no comment whatever on the Lang affair. This is untrue. The *Sketch* printed an article of mine which drew a letter of thanks and entire agreement from Mr. Lang.

CANDIDUS

Daily Sketch.

SIR,—May I correct Mr. Francis Williams? In his Fleet Street Notebook he says that only one Sunday Newspaper, the *Empire News*, dealt with the Lang case on Sunday, June 10. Not so. In his *Reynolds News* column Tom Driberg wrote lengthily of this further development of the "McCarthyite doctrine of guilt by association."

W. R. RICHARDSON

Reynolds News.

[Francis Williams writes: "I am sorry about Candidus. He did indeed write a most excellent and forthright article on the Lang case. I should have been delighted to praise it. Unfortunately it appeared after my own had gone to the printers. As for my omission of *Reynolds*, I can only bow my head. Of course, I read Tom Driberg's piece. It said everything that needed saying. I can only plead that I took it so much for granted that *Reynolds* (which in recent months has improved almost out of recognition as a serious paper) would speak out on an issue of this kind that I simply forget to note it."—ED., *N. S. & N.*]

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Broadway and Playwriting

ALTHOUGH Mr. Walter Kerr is still a youngish man, he has taught in various college drama departments, he has helped to write plays and has directed them, and he is now the drama critic of the *New York Herald-Tribune*. He is one of the three or four men who make or break Broadway productions. Backers and producers, directors and players, wait through the desperate small hours to read his verdict on their efforts, those few sentences that will tell them whether they have "a smash" or ought to close on Saturday. Mr. Kerr does not mention this, and I feel he ought to have done, if only to make us understand the tropically unhealthy atmosphere, like that of another Gold Coast, in which the New York theatre exists. For even if Mr. Kerr is a good judge, he ought not to have been turned into a hanging judge.

Let me declare at once that although I disagree sharply with many of his opinions—and God forbid I should agree with any dramatic critic—I have read his *How Not To Write A Play** with the liveliest pleasure. Most books about the Drama, the Contemporary Theatre, Dramatists of Today, the Playhouse In Our Midst, are turgid pompous rigmaroles, generally written by people who would empty any pit and gallery in five minutes. Mr. Kerr is not one of these droning oracles. His writing has zest, challenge, devilment. He avoids the usual solemn attitudes. He takes a stand of his own. Intelligent theatre people should sample these chapters, which cost less than benzedrine and are safer to take.

Like many other writers on this subject, Mr. Kerr believes that the Theatre is in danger—indeed, he suggests it is hurrying towards extinction—but unlike them he does not blame the managers, the public, the star system, television or inflation, he blames us—the dramatists. The so-called serious drama of today, he maintains, not only does not give the public what it wants but does not give the Theatre what it wants. People are quite right when they stay away from diluted Ibsen, *ersatz* Chekhov, and Shaw plays without Shaw's bounce and sparkle. (These three, he believes, have been the great influences in modern drama.) Our "serious playwrights" fail to give the Theatre what it demands—an exciting story, striking characters, heightened speech, plenty of action, colour and gusto. Too many plays fail because they deserve to fail, being static or slow, weighed down with too-obvious "messages", boring symbolism, bogus profundity, offering nothing but grey studies of futile people, making little use of the magnificent resources of the Theatre. So the goose deserves to be killed because it no longer lays golden eggs.

This is his main argument, and he develops it forcefully, with a humorous exaggeration all the more welcome because so much contemporary criticism is pompous and tedious, and with a fair display of examples. (But all from Broadway.) Here he is, for instance, on bogus profundity:

> In enlarging the scope of the theatre, profundity is to be avoided at all costs. By profundity I mean what everyone seems to mean nowadays—abstraction. The contemporary world—in other forms of literature as much as in the theatre—seems to have got it into its head that the only way an artist can become more profound is by becoming more abstract. The result is a group of plays in which God turns up as a stationmaster at a murky railroad junction, in which the principal characters are called Friend Ed, Joe Saul, and Mordeen, and in which unidentified desperadoes stagger into symbolic patios to be shot down by unidentified gunmen and carted off in garbage cans by white-jacketed collectors.
>
> I think we must have some sense that our picky, small-bored realistic plays say very little about the universe. We conclude that the only way we can say something about the universe is by becoming Universal, with capital letters strewn all over the place. The curious thing is that no one has ever succeeded in writing a universal play by this method. . . .

And then he proceeds to examine and to quote from plays by Tennessee Williams and John Steinbeck to show us how much they lost by preferring symbolism and abstraction to the recognisable, sympathetic and desperate human beings of their earlier and more successful plays. And I for one agree with him.

Nevertheless, although he takes a stand of his own, he does begin to repeat some familiar and, to my mind, mistaken arguments. Thus, it is no use telling me that the Theatre is being suffocated by dramatic realism and can only be brought to life again by poetic drama, of which, of course, Shakespeare offers him some convenient examples. Shakespeare will not do because he was a miracle, a great poet who happened to be also a great dramatist. Mr. Kerr seems to forget that almost every considerable English poet for the last hundred and fifty years has a play or two to his name—and where are they, these plays, and who cares? The greatest poet writing in English in this century is Yeats, who actually helped to create a Theatre and spent years nursing it, but where are the plays of Yeats now? Eliot? He has made an attempt, which we must respect, to create poetical drama within the framework of our realistic Theatre, but only his disciples imagine his to be great plays.

Critics like Mr. Kerr also seem to forget that the Greek and Elizabethan dramatists could concentrate on heightened speech and certain swift dazzling effects because they were not expected to bother their heads about other things (insisted upon by critics and public alike, and indeed by our picture-frame playhouses themselves) over which the modern dramatist must brood and toil. And not, given original genius, in vain. Chekhov, about whom Mr. Kerr seems dubious, did it. In *The Cherry Orchard* there is more genuine *poetry of the Theatre*, not to be confused with purely verbal poetry, than there is in all the poetical drama of the last century. And such essential poetry, to my mind, is all the more moving just because it has been wrung out of our harshly prosaic conventions. It is like the fruit that has not ripened in the lush sub-tropics but has fought for its delectable juices against frost and rain.

Again, like many dramatic critics Mr. Kerr conveniently forgets that the drama is a communal art, that the playwright is helpless unless a number of other highly professional people co-operate with him. Too often he writes as if nothing were involved except the script of the play and an audience. He does not take into account the fantastic conditions and climate of Broadway. It is as if a man who only knew racetracks and casinos offered us a treatise on commercial life. (For a useful corrective, read the theatre chapter, *The Broadway Blues*, in Louis Kronenberger's excellent account of American attitudes, *Company Manners*.) For even the slow, dismal, bogus-profound plays he denounces are an inevitable product, through a reaction against brash and falsely bright commercial playwriting, of an unhealthy atmosphere, wrong attitudes, bad conditions, the "smash hit or flop" theatre.

Here, simply to put the argument on a firm basis, I must refer to my own experience. The last serious talk I had, a few years ago, with a Broadway producer and his chief "backer" about doing a new play of mine, they objected to a good leading American actress I suggested because she had not "a big Box Office name", and we had to have such a name, they told me, because my play—one set and about ten characters—would cost them at least $80,000 to bring into Broadway. The equivalent of £27,000 to produce a straight play, designed for economical production! This seemed to me so outrageous that I broke off negotiations, for after all this new play, like *The Linden Tree* on Broadway, might be taken off after three nights. I am a quiet man who happens to enjoy writing plays; I am not Sky Masterson or Big Jules bursting into Nathan Detroit's floating crap game.

New York has its share of good playwrights, directors, players, but they are all trying to work in a madhouse. Nobody who has anything to do with this theatre nowadays appears to enjoy a normal temperature. Out of every six playhouses, five are dark, awaiting the next quick flop, while the sixth has everybody roaring and screaming to get in, if only to please out-of-town buyers. ("New Yorkers," said an actor friend of mine there, "only want to go to a theatre they can't get into.") And, as we have already seen, Mr. Kerr and two or three of his colleagues have the power of life-and-death over every production. Socko or stinkaroo? Well, that's Show Biz. And no matter how often Mr. Kerr may be right, about tedious and pretentious plays that deserved to fail, about the equally deserved success of productions that give the theatre what it needs, I think he is in continual danger of imagining that Show Biz and the art of drama are one and the same thing.

This suspicion is confirmed to my mind by his enthusiastic remarks, towards the end of this book, about musical comedy. Now these big and often idiotically pretentious American musicals, with a very few exceptions, seem to me among the most over-rated products of our time, inferior as entertainment to the gay non-

---

* *How Not to Write a Play*. By WALTER KERR. Reinhardt. 21*s*.

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Mr. Tambimuttu started *Poetry London* in 1939. As Mr. Horace Gregory says of him now, and as many poets and critics said of him in England, then, "He published some of the best poetry of his time, regardless of school, and his example has encouraged some of the best poets of our time." This includes people like Dylan Thomas, W. S. Graham, Kathleen Raine, David Gascoyne, Anne Ridler, George Barker and others.

Now at a time when both England and America desperately need a good poetry magazine, Mr. Tambimuttu has started his magazine again, entitling it POETRY LONDON-NEW YORK. He plans to do for the 'fifties that which he did for the 'thirties and 'forties: he will publish the best of the period, wherever he finds it—in England, America and India, thus spanning three continents.

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PLNY

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sense of my youth, and owing a great deal, in their world conquest, to the power and influence of America itself, the new prestige of Broadway, the far-reaching support of *Time*, *Life* and the rest, the immense ballyhoo of American publicity. Mr. Kerr claims, not unreasonably, that they explore the theatre as theatre, make full use of its resources, and adds "two things that the serious drama has not thought of doing in quite a long while." But how does he know? What he really means is that he has not seen any of these non-American experiments on Broadway. And this is because, as any Broadway producer would tell him, *the budget's too high for something that isn't a musical.*

That what is called "serious theatre" or, absurdly I think, "the drama of ideas" keeps people away because it too often lacks essential theatrical qualities, I am willing to allow. (All young ambitious playwrights should read his Part Three: *How To Spoil A Good Story.*) But I wish Mr. Kerr could escape from Broadway for a year—though I do not advise him to come to London—because then he might write a companion volume, in which he could discuss a number of important questions that he ignores here. He could then ask himself if monstrously inflated costs, hasty improvisation, fevered gambling, hysterical praise or abuse, production methods that allow a leading character to have a cancer in Boston but only a touch of arthritis on 42nd Street, create an environment and an atmosphere favourable to this difficult art. They seem to me so appallingly menacing that it is a miracle that anything worth doing is ever done at all. But Americans are a highly dramatic people. And if their playwrights could sensibly practise and experiment with their art, without being regarded as fashionable geniuses or imbeciles, in a Theatre that offered some continuity and security and was not a mixture of a gambling hell and a three-ring circus, then, with the additional benefit of Mr. Kerr's advice about playwriting, they might soon begin to move and to delight a world that sadly needs great drama.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

Rich Man

He jokes and humphs with dignities
Of robes, smoothness of jaws,
Huge shade of palaces
And strength of laws

While tongues of lie and gossip guess
His powers, where they reach
And how they're swayed. Now
He provokes despair,

Now showers gold. His gardeners, high
On rungs, who pleach and clip,
Hold his commands to mean
There should be nothing

To reproach in green or to
Confute in gilt: his gates
And fountains having crowds,
Shuffling and mute;

While rivergods, who had to turn
To figure stone, forget
The weed and spotted loach,
And tilt their urn.

SHEILA WINGFIELD

A Giant Prone

The Letters of Coleridge. Edited by E. L. GRIGGS. Vol. I and II. *Oxford.* 105*s.*

Who is the real man? Is he the sum of words and actions that the world sees? Or some essence that seldom, even in the best of lives, reaches expression? In either case Coleridge is a giant—if the first, a giant prone, seldom able to rise or heave his head from the burning lake of suffering, tortured above all by his inability to be, precisely, what he knew himself to be, in essence. It is painful, in his letters, to see those great wings that carry him soaring, in his native element the intellectual world, beating up the dust on the ground of his "coarse domestic life."

These two first volumes contain some six hundred of the fifteen hundred letters that Professor Griggs has devoted his life to tracing and editing—nearly a third are previously unpublished. The tragedy of Coleridge's temporal life moves slowly and often tediously through thousands of words descriptive of ill-health, financial anxiety, projects to settle or remove his family, commence schoolmaster, or editor, or small-holder, all particularised as minutely as elsewhere he can particularise the distinctions of philosophy, or the colours of a forest.

Perhaps Coleridge's worst fault was his readiness to take up a defensive position—to admit himself in the wrong, or to spread a smoke-screen of self-justification. He admitted too readily the standards by which others condemned him. Those Coleridge elder brothers, pillars of moral rectitude and worldly success, became for him a super-ego more formidable than any father-figure. Poor Coleridge's conscience sided with his judges and executioners—and who is ever the advocate of the self-condemned?

Ill-health early became his strongest defensive position; indeed the lengths to which hypochondria was carried in the Coleridge-Wordsworth circle can only amaze a post-Groddeckian generation. The misery was real enough; but those who may not say "I am unhappy"—since this raises moral problems—are still allowed to say "I am ill." If Coleridge had dared to affirm openly to himself and to the world—as Milton did, and Blake—that a man's first duty is to the divine spirit within him, it might have saved him, and won the respect of the world also, in the end.

As it was, ill-health had only short-term utility, a few days or hours of escape from a complaining wife and those giants "Bread and Cheese." After one burst of letters to his friends describing in self-pitying minutiæ the aches, itches, swellings and twinges of a bout of illness that kept him in bed for several weeks, there comes a break in the clouds: "I cannot say, that my long, long wakeful nights have been all lost to me. The subject of my meditations has been the Relations of thoughts to things." Within a week, the albatross has soared: Coleridge has launched into a series of letters on the philosophy of Locke, now published for the first time. The same particularisation, the same breadth and sweep that a week before he expended upon his bodily symptoms, he now turned upon Locke in one of the finest critical analyses of that philosopher that has been made. The insomnia was not wasted!

Yet his greatness lies precisely in his all-embracing acceptance of experience. Whatever came to his notice was of value because it was experienced. It is this common factor of existence that holds together the trivial and the sublime, physical ailments, abstract philosophy, the grandeurs and the tedium. He experienced always as the whole man: "My opinion is this—that deep thinking is attainable only by a man of deep feeling." What Coleridge thought, he also felt; what is even rarer, what he felt—down to the very aches and itches of the flesh—he also thought. "Life is I myself I"—and all that the I experienced, he sought to embrace, also, in an articulate body of thought.

Wordsworth's fortunate gift lay in his instinctive judgment of where to set his limits. But Coleridge's mind was limitless:

I should not think of devoting less than twenty years to an Epic Poem. Ten to collect materials and warm my mind with universal science. I would be a tolerable mathematician, I would thoroughly know Mechanics, Hydrostatics, Optics, all Astronomy, Botany, Metallurgy, Fossilism, Chemistry, Geology, Anatomy, Medicine—then the *mind of man*, then the *minds of men*—in all Travels, Voyages and Histories.

But what was possible in the world of Aristotle or Aquinas was no longer so at a time when the universe of knowledge was expanding so rapidly as to exceed the speed even of Coleridge's thought. There was no epic; but from his ocean-like mind, a few miraculous draughts. But like the ocean also, there are desert wastes.

In his superb accounts of the scenery of mountains, waterfalls, forests he is akin to Dorothy and William Wordsworth; but his inquiring scientific mind looks also down another long perspective, into an approaching scientific age. "A scene of terrible Beauty is a furnace of boiling metal, darting out every moment blue, green and scarlet lightning, like serpents' Tongues"; or "My hands are seared with scratches from a Cat, whose back I was rubbing in the Dark in order to see whether the sparks from it were refrangible by a Prism." "The poet is dead in me"—so runs the next sentence, with manifest untruth, in the light of the activity just described. The poet was never dead in Coleridge, but dissolved, like the god Dionysus, as a fertilising power operating throughout his universe. One may be bored, irritated, or outraged by the cumbersome jokes, the self-justifications, the practical mismanagements, but one is left with the impression that to have been Coleridge was in itself a contribution to humanity even greater than the writing of *The Ancient Mariner*.

KATHLEEN RAINE

A Revolution Portrayed

The Revolution in Philosophy. By GILBERT RYLE and others. *Macmillan*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Contemporary Philosophy. By FREDERICK COPLESTON, S.J. *Burns Oates*. 18*s*.

There is a certain resemblance between the course of British philosophy in the last fifty years and the recent history of Mexico. The Porfirio Diaz of the philosophical revolution is, of course, F. H. Bradley: a less genial and fatherly figure but equally authoritarian and—at a very different level, in the contemptuous imprecision of his style of argument—equally corrupt. In each case a rather tame order, donnish or military, was soon restored after the initial excesses and the wild men, F. C. S. Schiller and Zapata, extinguished. But the original revolutionary impetus eventually reasserted itself with Wittgenstein and Cardenas, and made itself felt in the outside world in the form of an assault on sacred things, by way of the polemical extravagances of Logical Positivism, on the one hand, and the expropriation of foreign oil companies on the other. The two revolutions are now firmly established, their opponents are not simply in retreat but almost forgotten, yet their supporters preserve a devout consciousness of being revolutionaries. The punctilious heads of university departments and solidly-constructed machine politicians carry out ritual flayings of the old regime and nerve their adherents to fresh prodigies of revolutionary purity and vigour.

Now that the philosophical revolution is safely at anchor in calmer water the time has come for explanations to be given to an outer world that has so far been for the most part censorious and rather badly informed. What has particularly confused the issue is the combination of literary brilliance and pugnacious radicalism in Professor Ayer's *Language, Truth and Logic*. This masterly book fully deserves its popular success but it does not—and never claimed to—give a faithful account of the present state or recent development of philosophy. As a tract, a collection of fighting words, it is no more adequate an instrument of public relations than a book by the police lieutenant in *The Power and the Glory* would have been in the analogous case.

What has the revolution accomplished? From a distance it looks to many people as if a genuinely responsible way of doing philosophy, by which the pretensions of natural science were checked and sure foundations provided for moral and political principles and the main dogmas of religion, has been supplanted by an unstable compound of Alexandrian logic-chopping and an offensively cynical repudiation of religion and morality. A more accurate idea of the change can be got from a comparison of the main lines of Bradley's philosophical procedure with Wittgenstein's. Both start from the same point, from the perplexities generated by reflection on our ordinary picture of the world. For Bradley the contradictions philosophers encounter were real ones, necessitating the construction of a truly consistent picture of the world and the rejection of the common-sense or scientific picture as mere appearance, at best a low practical device. For Wittgenstein, however, the contradictions were spurious and testified only to a natural tendency in men to be lured into nonsense by the verbal affinities between the expressions of very different thoughts and, more sophisticatedly, by the seductions of the formal logicians' oversimplified ideal of language. But the sixty years between *Appearance and Reality* and the *Philosophical Investigations* contained important intermediate steps. The first response to Bradley was the realism of Edwardian Cambridge, where the young Russell and Moore argued for huge generalities equal and opposite to Bradley's own, though in a significantly different tone of voice—cool, precise and cautious. This revival of Locke gave way to a revival of Hume, a Hume transformed by the application to his doctrines of the mathematical logic of Frege and Russell. It was in reaction against this atomism, which received its finest expression in his *Tractatus*, that Wittgenstein carried on, from 1929 to his death, the work that dominates analytic philosophy in Britain today. Instead of resolving philosophical perplexities by translating the language in which they arise into a rigid and exclusive ideal system, philosophers now seek rather to locate the source of the perplexities by a fuller understanding of the conceptual apparatus that provokes them.

The steps of this progress, from Bradley to the present moment, have been lucidly and authoritatively set out in *The Revolution in Philosophy* by nine philosophers, seven from Oxford and two from University College, London. Professor Ryle's introduction, a valuable addition to the original series of eight broadcast talks, helps to unify the book with an account of the changed conditions of philosophical activity (he cites in particular the decline of theology, the increasingly academic concentration of the subject and the consequent preoccupation with questions of method) and a general survey of the period. Especially good are Mr. Wollheim's just, penetrating and elegant chapter on Bradley, Mr. Pears's feat of uncrowded condensation of a great deal of material about the atomism of Russell and the young Wittgenstein and Mr. Strawson's luminous chapter on the analytic method in philosophy, its rivals and possible further developments. Mr. Paul expounds the later views of Moore and Wittgenstein by a remarkably dexterous selection and arrangement of quotations held together with a bare minimum of explanatory comment. In the two final chapters Mr. Strawson and Mr. Warnock make some conciliatory prophecies about the next developments to be expected in philosophy. They think that there is a place for imaginative construction in the subject: it can be used to explain the concepts we currently possess and to invent new concepts which will make it possible to look at the world in a different and perhaps more illuminating way. I shall find it easier to believe in this when I see some.

In the first half of his *Contemporary Philosophy*, a collection of lectures and articles, Father Copleston writes about analytic philosophy. For

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all his admirable tolerance and broadmindedness he has a rather leaden touch and is unfortunately obsessed with the verification principle to the effective exclusion of pretty well everything else analytic philosophers have thought about. In view of its bearing on religious belief this is to some extent natural. But times have changed; it is no longer thought to be an offence on the part of religious assertions that they are not statements of natural science. What started out as a sword, to be swung iconoclastically to and fro through all sorts of elevated convictions, has been beaten by criticism into a modest ploughshare, into the precept that in looking for the meaning of a word or sentence one should consider its use. His handling of the matter is distinctly laborious, with toil and sweat long-evacuated positions are occupied. His treatment of existentialism in the second half of the book is much more successful but he does not squarely face the question as to what sort of activity existentialist philosophising is. The rusty armour of traditional philosophical modes of exposition seems an inappropriate dress for these passionate moralisings to appear in. Why put forward theses that can only be confirmed by our most intimate experience of life in the language of deductive proof? Kierkegaard, on the whole, does not, so he remains the freshest and most exciting as well as the greatest of existentialist thinkers.

Neither Father Copleston nor any of the nine symposiasts explain why the British and European reactions against Hegelian idealism have been so starkly different, but these two books point out the difference sharply enough to make one wonder whether analytic philosophy and existentialism, beyond being ways of thinking about things, have anything to do with one another at all. At any rate these books suggest that much of what is said about both of these philosophies is beside the point, an outcome of applying irrelevant standards.

ANTHONY QUINTON

PHOENIX

variousness

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Just a Smack at Clio

The Cross and the Sword. By MANUEL DE JESUS GALVAN. Translated by ROBERT GRAVES. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

The Last of the Wine. By MARY RENAULT. *Longmans.* 16*s.*

A Tale for Midnight. By FREDERIC PROKOSCH. *Secker & Warburg.* 15*s.*

For my money, the historical novel is the third most unreadable form of modern English literature, beaten only by sportsmen's autobiographies and—but least said soonest mended. Its more obvious faults include Brushes with the Great ("Hush, child, that is Mr. Disraeli"); Translator's Dialogue ("Not thus is it fitting, dog, to address thyself to a thane"); Over-technicality ("Tassets, pauldrons, besagues, couters, and poleyns were set in place"); Curious Names ("Hail Vabord, son of Goath"); and Jejune Atmospherics ("The sunset was gilding the Eternal City as two pale horsemen set forth along the Flaminian Way")—as well as incongruity, unsubtlety, and The Least Unforgettable Characters I've Met. Rare indeed are the novels which either illumine historical documents or vie with them in truth and fascination. The three books here considered do something of both.

The Cross and the Sword is the first English translation of *Enriquillo*, published in 1882 as an "historical legend." Its setting is sixteenth-century Hispaniola, in the early years of the Spanish Conquest: its theme is race relations—between the Spaniards and the Indians. Written partly as apologetics, and in the heyday of Romantic admiration for the Indians, it nevertheless turns a final compliment to Spain and the Church, by slightly idealising Bartolomé de las Casas. Students of the *Conquista* may well correct its detail; but as a warm and lively example of "Indianist" literature it still reads excitingly today. Telling of massacre, intrigue, slavery, and rebellion, it reminded me of such films as *Viva Zapata!* and Eisenstein's *Time in the Sun*—a flash of bright hard sunlight, exotic colours, blood and gold. Robert Graves's translation is robust, with a homely plainness that just avoids archaism. His scrupulous and unobtrusive notes collate Galván's narrative with Enriquillo's known exploits.

Miss Renault, in *The Last of the Wine*, is almost as scrupulous and even more convincing. Her subject is Athens in the 5th century B.C., seen through the eyes of Alexias, son of Myron, an imaginary follower of Socrates. The latter, whom Miss Renault insists on calling Sokrates, is only one of the many Great with whom we scrape shoulders; but their introduction is adroitly staged and not too carefully casual. Their Socratic dialogue is brilliantly rendered, rather more plausibly than in Jowett's Plato. Likewise, although the narrative style reads like a modern translation, it's sensitive and altogether fitting, even in the occasional violence of the epithets, balanced elsewhere by discretion and rational self-respect. The book's real *tour de force*, however, is its treatment of homosexual love. Put like this, it suggests the tainted, desperate impartiality of present-day inverts pleading their cause against British law: already, I suspect, you stiffen a little. But such are Miss Renault's skill and sympathy that the *situation de fait* of Greece is established without fuss or prurience, without moral commitment either way, and without loss of frankness. One sees clearly here that in homosexual love, as in love between the sexes, all degrees of nobility or bestiality are possible; and that only societies that reject the invert tend to encourage furtiveness and squalor. You may well, of course, deplore inversion as juvenile or retrograde: Miss Renault's high-minded heroes do so deplore some of its manifestations. But if they speak of love where we should say friendship or comradeship, our own inhibitions may be obscuring part of the truth. On historical points, I must leave *The Last of the Wine* to classical scholars; morally and aesthetically, it seems to me extraordinarily rich.

From Athens, as the B.B.C. men say, we turn to Rome—where our reporter Frederic Prokosch has recorded his impressions of the Cenci murder and trial. *A Tale for Midnight* is also extremely well documented, partly from the Vatican archives. Its story—of how Beatrice plotted against and murdered her appalling father, and was then tried with her family and put to death—is well known to any reader of Shelley; and it makes a bloody and effective tale. In some ways, Mr. Prokosch's treatment enhances the story. We see more clearly the pictorial background—the teeming hubbub of Rome; the remote, bleak castle; the sordid, fumbling butchery of the murder; the Camus-like plague; the Church's eye cocked at the Cenci lands; the hideous tortures; the crowds milling at the execution. All good lusty material for the wide screen, in fact. But it suffers, nevertheless, from certain incongruities of dialogue, a good deal of Jejune Atmospherics (see above), and some wooden characterisation. Fortunately, the chapters are of tabloid length, making for compulsive readability: but passion among the wine casks, with Mother Nature ("grave, startled, like a dawning dream") whooping it up like crazy outdoors—well, I mean, hell, there's a limit.

RICHARD MAYNE

Twisting the Poodle's Tail

The Reluctant Legionnaire. By MICHAEL ALEXANDER. *Hart-Davis.* 16*s.*

In May, 1954, after a night of champagne drinking in Pigalle, Mr. West de Wend Fenton, a young English gentleman of independent means, joined the Foreign Legion. Soon afterwards, plaintive letters began to trickle home, telling of his sufferings, privations and unhappiness. Towards the end of December, Mr. Michael Alexander, another young English gentleman—and co-author of that excellent book *The Privileged Nightmare*—decided to rescue him. He enlisted the aid of Messrs. Curtis Brown, the literary agents, the *Daily Mirror*, which provided a reporter, a photographer, a woman-writer and £500, Lady Marye Rous, daughter of the 4th Earl of Stradbroke, and Mr. Nicholas Mosley, son of you-know-who. Advice was provided by Sir Aylmer Maxwell, Mr. Gavin Maxwell, and Mr. Xan Fielding, and active and valuable assistance by the British Consul in Lisbon, Mr. Bradshaw. Not surprisingly, this formidable array of talent, brains, beauty and power succeeded in spiriting Mr. Fenton away from under the noses of the French authorities and the *Deuxième Bureau*, and landing him safely back in London, where he promptly left for an urgent appointment in Churchill's night-club. The *Mirror* got its exclusive, Lady Marye got her photographs in the papers—a hired legionnaire's uniform had to be provided for the photographs of Mr. Fenton, who by this time had lost his own—and Mr. Alexander has now got his book.

To desert from the Foreign Legion is, alas, not the problem it used to be. The Legion is now little more than the equivalent of our own Pioneer Corps, and its rate of successful desertions is, it is said, higher than in most French regiments. Money, as so often these days, is the only determining factor. Rumour has it that there are at least two organisations—one in Geneva, one in Tangiers—which will make all the arrangements. So Mr. Alexander perhaps need not have made the trip at all. But then neither he, nor the *Mirror*, would have got a story. What gives his book a certain fly-blown excitement is the unerring skill with which he and his associates steered the expedition towards failure. No mistake was left uncommitted, no indiscretion left unsaid. At the height of the expedition, while Mr. Alexander was driving furiously across Algeria in pursuit of his quarry, Lady Marye—who for some reason had left the main body—arrived at the office where I worked in Paris and poured forth a confused story of legionnaires, escapes and newspapers. In the course of discreet inquiries, I was told that it was indeed true that an English news-

paper was effecting the escape of a certain Legionnaire Fenton; and that the authorities were anxious that this should be accomplished as soon as possible, in order to avoid undesirable publicity. The services of Legionnaire Fenton, I was told, were by no means indispensable to the Fourth Republic; he was, in short, a nuisance; and, since the Swiss were threatening to take severe measures to prevent the enlistment of Swiss nationals and thus remove one of the Legion's principal sources of recruits, it was desirable that the incident should be brought to a close as quickly as possible. If Legionnaire Fenton was caught attempting to desert he would have to be punished severely, this would get into the papers, and the Swiss would get very frightened indeed. So. . . .

You may or may not choose to believe the French version. Personally I have my doubts. But most people, I suspect, will read Mr. Alexander's book with the same scepticism they reserve for the more sensational type of *Mirror* article. This, of course, would not matter if it had other qualities. Unfortunately, those who live by the *Daily Mirror* write like the *Daily Mirror*.

PAUL JOHNSON

From Slaves to Robots

The Sane Society. By ERICH FROMM. *Routledge.* 25*s*.

Man in Contemporary Society: A Source Book, Vol. II. *Oxford: Columbia.* 60*s*.

"Contemporary Western society," the editors of the Columbia University readings remark, "is peculiarly elusive subject matter." It is elusive despite the unique instruments of communication in the twentieth century, a relentless self-concern amounting at times to obsession, and an organised passion for factual and statistical disclosure. After ransacking a thousand pages of argument, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the habit of study by readings accounts for much of the elusiveness. Even the richest *hors d'œuvres* do not make up a whole meal, and simply considered as *hors d'œuvres* they are subject to sharply diminishing utility. A set of worthy snippets from the writings of men of the calibre of Veblen, Sombart, Engels and Spengler with nearly 40 others, including Mao Tse-tung, thrown in for good measure, hardly amount to anything more than a set of worthy snippets. They provide glimpses of social processes and gleams of social insight, but almost any one of the extracts when surrounded with its original network of argument would afford a more illuminating approach to "contemporary western society" than all the extracts put together. This calculation probably remains accurate even when the Contemporary Civilisation professors of Columbia, who use the documents in their courses, apply generous helpings of paste.

It is refreshing to turn from processed ideas to original thinking, from approved Authorities to a bold but no doubt fallible psychologist. Dr. Fromm is far more than a specialist. He examines many of the problems discussed in the readings—indeed he has lectured on them at Columbia—and is deeply concerned with the most important unifying question that can be asked about contemporary western society—is it sane? The question itself is one which many Authorities would consider improper. They hold that the only problem of mental health in a society is that of a number of "unadjusted individuals": there can be no unadjusted cultures. They consider all societies normal in so far as they function, and maintain that pathology is concerned only with the lack of adjustment of individuals or groups to the ways of life of their surrounding societies. Dr. Fromm nonetheless more than justifies his choice of question. He shows convincingly that societies can be compared, and that they have a furthering or distorting effect on the individuals who compose them. He criticises very sharply those social psychologists who act as expert apologists for the *status quo* and in modern America serve without strain as "priests of the new religion of fun, consumption and selflessness." He desires social psychologists to be critics of society and not merely specialists in human manipulation.

A healthy society for Dr. Fromm is one which furthers men's capacity to love their fellow men, to work creatively, to develop reason and objectivity, and to have a sense of self which is based on the experience of their own productive powers. An unhealthy society by contrast is one which creates mutual hostility and distrust, transforms men into instruments of use and exploitation, and deprives them of a sense of self, except in so far as they submit to others or become automatons. The symptoms of unhealthiness change. During the nineteenth century the main problem of a competitive and authoritarian age was that masses of people were exploited and dominated. During the twentieth century the main danger is that they will be moulded and manipulated. The dream of nineteenth-century reformers that by abolishing exploitation and economic suffering, or by doing away with sexual repression and irrational authority, men would enter into an era of greater freedom, happiness and progress has not come true. As Adlai Stevenson put it very succinctly, "we are not in danger of becoming slaves any more, but of becoming robots."

To explain the divergence between dream and reality, Dr. Fromm pursues the analysis which he began in *The Fear of Freedom* and *Man for Himself*. His key concept, which owes much to the early Marx, is that of "alienation." In modern society men become impoverished "things," dependent on powers outside themselves, on idols of their own making. In place of the overt authority of king or capitalist in Victorian times, there is the anonymous invisible authority of today which makes men conform. In a horrifying account of the pressure to conform in the United States—some of his colleagues would call it the development of social adjustment—he makes use of information culled from a brilliant article in *Fortune* about a young executives' settlement at Park Forest near Chicago. It was there that an unadjusted newcomer was socially ostracised for giving an afternoon party complete with little doilies and silver, when the other wives, formalising informality, turned up in bathing suits and slacks. It was there too that a mother complained that Johnny had not been doing too well at school. "The teacher told me he was doing fine in some respects, but that his social adjustment was not as good as it might be. He would pick one or two friends to play with—and sometimes he was happy to remain by himself." Dr. Fromm quickly passes on from Park Forest to Western Electric and makes many penetrating remarks about the implications of "human relations in industry" and the teamwork of the large industrial plant.

The last part of his book suggests not for the first time that only socialism can provide the foundation of a healthy society. By socialism he means essentially what Owen and Fourier meant by it, and not Attlee or Gaitskell. Sanity can be restored by simultaneous changes in industrial and political organisation, in "spiritual and philosophical orientation," in character-structure and cultural activities. Purely economic reforms can do little whether they are of the Soviet or the British variety. He quotes with approval Cole's remarks of 1918 that—

> the disease of civilisation is not so much the material poverty of the many as the decay of the spirit of freedom and self-confidence. The revolt that will change the world will spring, not from the benevolence that breeds "reform" but from the will to be free.

He rebukes Crossman for his "pessimism" in suggesting that socialists should be realistic and try to "civilise" totalitarianism instead of accelerating or resisting it. He maintains forthrightly that Socialism "in its human and moral aspirations" is still "a potent aim of many millions all over the world."

Unfortunately the last fifty pages of this extremely interesting book peter out in a series of very general remarks about communitarian socialism, incentives to work, social security and adult education. Dr. Fromm is as enthusiastic here as he was shocked before. At the end we are left feeling in the same mood as the editors of the readings, that this is peculiarly elusive subject-matter. Our contemporary western society may well be insane—the author does not quite prove it—but the roads to sanity he opens up to us have few clear signposts. They would lead through some tangled economic thickets and across many a slough of despond. Most serious of all, he does not throw any new light on how robots can revolt. In his analysis he explains how they were manufactured: in his remedies he always gets back to the slaves. Despite the acuteness of Adlai Stevenson's remarks, there are few signs yet in the United States that the liberation of robots will inspire and bring to power a new Lincoln. How can it?

ASA BRIGGS

Healing by Paradox

Mr. Lyward's Answer. By MICHAEL BURN. *Hamish Hamilton.* 21*s*.

What can a worried parent do with a boy who has been sent away from sixteen schools by his seventeenth year, a boy who erects an altar in his bedroom and shuts himself up for weeks at a time, with another who runs up hundreds of pounds of debt at shops and night clubs? Obviously one more school is useless, nor is hospital the right place, for they have somehow to be remade, to be stripped of acquired habits of hostility or withdrawal and to be taught how to live. For the past 25 years Mr. Lyward has been providing his answer to this problem in a remarkable community which he has built up at Finchden Manor, now described with loving detail by Mr. Burn in this absorbing book.

Mr. Burn is neither teacher nor psychiatrist, but being a man of warm humanity he was so

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fascinated by what he saw at Finchden that he joined the staff for two years in order to be able to interpret its spirit properly. His attitude to Mr. Lyward is more reminiscent of that of an Indian *chela* to his *guru* that of anything in our more materialistic civilisation, but his admiration is justified by the gifts Mr. Lyward brings to his work. Formerly master at a public school, he is an inspiring subject teacher, a trained musician, expert in the techniques of psycho-analysis, and possessed of a personality capable of giving that boundless, disinterested and undemanding love which seems to be the only fruitful approach to the "maladjusted" adolescent. Under his care, the boy finds a place where he can find a respite from the compulsions at school or at home which have thwarted his emotional growth. No one demands personal affection or even offers it, he can look round and see what he really wants to do, for immaturity is the feature most commonly encountered even in the intellectually precocious boys. Behind it all the staff are waiting with a skilled awareness of the boys' needs; they have been trained to judge the right moment to offer encouragement or rebuff, apparent neglect or deep analysis, unlimited leisure or intensive academic coaching.

Paradox is an integral part of the Finchden method, Mr. Burn tells us, and an interesting feature of the regime is its difference from the familiar do-as-you-like atmosphere of the "progressive" school. Obedience is expected though rarely demanded, real violence or injury to property is drastically checked, exclusive friendships are definitely forbidden. The most remarkable contribution to new method is, however, the use made of the community—consisting of the 40 boys—to draw in the newcomers to the stream of human relationships, to make them feel wanted, to teach them that the approbation of their fellows cannot be bought. As most of the boys have suffered from tensions caused by unhappy emotional relationships within the family, Mr. Lyward avoids those attempts to create an artificial family set-up which is so common, and some of us think so disastrously overdone, in the handling of difficult and deprived children today. Nor does he believe that an unreal camouflage of "self-government" will help his charges.

Wiser than public authorities were for many a long day, Mr. Lyward expends vast effort on getting on terms with the boys' families, and in trying to smooth out the misunderstandings which have led to the breakdown in relationships. It is in respect of understanding of parents that Mr. Burn sometimes shows himself "immature," or at least inexperienced. For many there is nothing to be said, but for some, especially some mothers, one might have expected more sympathy. Perhaps he doesn't know how often they are confused by vague and inconsistent advisers, being told one moment to give a child more love and attention, and a little later that they have been over-fussy and are responsible for all his troubles—both statements being pure guesswork on the part of the psychiatrist. Now that it has been admitted that Stalin was in the wrong, will a really daring inconoclast not be found to say that a child can be in the wrong—that he would have been too much for any parents?

All experiments in healing have ultimately to be judged on whether they do, in fact, achieve the objects they set out to achieve. Mr. Lyward sees success primarily in terms of ability to form happy relationships with parents, or in marriage, then in ability to find and keep a congenial job, and, lastly, in professional success. The results, very thoroughly examined by Mr. Burn, are extraordinary for this class of case. About 200 young men, once "headed for the meanest ends," have been put on the highroad to the pursuit of happiness. They are found established in responsible positions in the Services, in business, on the land. The analysis of the failures shows two main causes. Definite mental disorder (about 20 out of 250 boys have had to leave for mental hospitals) and premature withdrawals against the advice of Mr. Lyward. The repair of deep-seated abnormalities cannot be hurried.

LETITIA FAIRFIELD

Life with the Tudors

The Thought and Culture of the English Renaissance: An Anthology of Tudor Prose, 1481-1555. Edited by ELIZABETH M. NUGENT. *Cambridge.* 37*s.* 6*d.*

Here is an enormous cottage-pie of a book—700 pages of law and Latin grammar, chronicles and estate management, Lives of Saints and the herbal virtues of the oak tree; sermons and college statutes and sovereign remedies for dropsy and the sweating sickness. I tried to find a gap, and could only think of cookery books. On the other hand, there is a redundancy of bad writing, of early Tudor prose at its most sententiously dull, on all serious subjects, and especially on religion and politics; with the result that the amusement lying about in odd corners of this anthology comes very welcome. For example there is an elementary Latin grammar which shows a more functional attitude to language than any Linguaphone instructor. No *plume de ma tante* nonsense for St. Paul's boys in the sixteenth century; they began their studies with the following little dialogue:

A. *Quo tendis?*
B. *Ad foricam pergo.*
A. *Comitabor te.*

Nor was there that odious practice, which modern textbooks delight in, of loading the moral dice in favour of the master. The Tudor schoolboy sharpened his latinity by rendering such sentences as this: "The gentle exhortations of my master allured my mind marvellously. Aye, and made me more diligent than all his austerity could do."

It is also true that the most memorable prose of the anthology often appears in the scientific and practical essays. This passage from a treatise on the correct handling of new-born babies struck me as astonishingly beautiful:

> And when you lay it in the cradle to sleep, set the cradle in such a place that neither the beams of the sun by day nor the moon by night come on the infant, but rather set it in a dark and shadow place, laying also the head ever somewhat higher than the rest of the body. . . .
>
> . . . Then to be short, when it is taken out of the bath, let it be wiped and handled with soft linen cloth warmed. Then lay it on the lap, the back upward the which with her hands let her tenderly stroke and rub; then lap it up and swaddle it; and when it is swaddled, to put a drop or two of water in the nostrils is very good for the eyesight. And so lay it to rest.

And yet the complaint is not really a fair one, to say that much of the writing is dull and that it is preoccupied with religion and politics. This anthology is planned to reflect "thought and culture," not prose style or singular genius, and there can be no denying that the education of a Prince, the obedience of a Christian subject, the issue of Pope and King, the blood-drenched sacramental controversy, were the first concerns of the age. ("The severe penalty of being burnt at the stake did not, however, deter some rugged preachers"—an example of the ludicrously remote manner of twentieth-century historical comment.) But the translators, Tyndale and Coverdale, are also well represented, and, of course, there is some More and Cranmer, as well as a fine specimen of Latimer's preaching style.

A "thought and culture" anthology is inevitably something of a jumble. One suddenly comes upon Vives, a great European master, in the company of run of the mill Tudor moralists like Thomas Lupset, and it is perhaps unreasonable to ask a general editor for guidance on the fundamental question of domestic and international standards. All the same, Miss Nugent might have done a tidier job. The tangle of modern and more or less contemporary translations of Latin texts is an annoyance which more

judicious arrangement would have mitigated. The sub-title dates, 1481-1555, seem to make no historical or literary sense. They may simply mark the earliest and latest pieces in the anthology, but it is hard to be certain because the information given is often too slender or too vague—which is odd, because Miss Nugent tends to spoon-feed her readers in other ways. She feels she ought to tell them what the word "jape" means, and she doesn't trust them to understand the grammar-book sentence, "Scholars must live hardely at Oxford," without a footnote. If she didn't trust them to *believe* it, we should have to concede her point at once.

JOHN JONES

More German Generals

The Fatal Decisions. Edited by WILLIAM RICHARDSON and SEYMOUR FREIDIN. *Michael Joseph.* 25*s.*

This, in spite of a misleading title, is in every way an admirable book. It consists of six accounts of battles in the Second World War by senior German commanders or staff officers who took a responsible part in them: the Battle of Britain and the Battle for Moscow, Alamein and Stalingrad, Normandy and the Ardennes. The contributors include Zeitzler and Blumentritt and von Manteuffel, and all write with the lucidity, the accuracy and the clear command of detail to be expected from pupils of the Great General Staff. But these articles are so closely linked together by General Westphal's narrative that the work can stand in its own right as a history of Germany's struggle in the field from beginning to end of the war; and, as Westphal makes clear, none of the decisions which led to the loss of these battles was in any long-term sense "decisive." "The fundamental and truly fatal decision," he truly concludes, "was the one which was based on Hitler's erroneous assumption that the Western Powers would permit Hitler to destroy Poland without intervening on the side of their ally. Once the decision to invade Poland was taken, our destiny was sealed."

The belief that God is on the side of the greater industrial potential, if not of the big battalions, comes oddly from a countryman of Frederick the Great and von Moltke. In nearly all Prussia's wars the long-term odds have been against her: hence her national strategy of striking first and hard—but a strategy effective only if linked to a supple and intelligent diplomatic policy which capitalises the first victories, disengages, and makes an acceptable peace. Such a policy Frederick and Bismarck had; William II and Hitler had not. And since no military prowess and no industrial capacity can support an indefinite centrifugal expansion, this failure to exploit immediate success made ultimate failure inevitable.

The vital decisions in war are usually not those of strategy but of policy, and these lay in the hands of Hitler and not of his generals. But he also took the strategic decisions, and quite often the tactical ones as well. This has happened before: civil leaders, maddened by the pessimistic *non possumus* of their military advisers, have seized control and conducted battles over their heads, attempting to replace technical expertise by flair and fury. One thinks of Carnot, of Lincoln, of Gambetta, not least of Winston Churchill. It sometimes works, and with Hitler it worked at first startlingly well. All the articles in this book save one—Blumentritt on the Battle of Moscow—deal with Hitler's disastrous interventions over the heads of the professional soldiers; they do not mention the occasions when Hitler was right and the professionals wrong. But this is a factor which must be considered if we are to understand the growth of the situation of which the German generals themselves became only gradually aware—that *their* army, one of the best-trained, best-equipped and most intelligently-led forces in the whole history of war, should have been at the unrestricted disposition of a criminal lunatic.

It is naturally enough on this aspect that these essays concentrate. Zeitzler gives a tragic and convincing account of his efforts to save the army in Stalingrad, and von Manteuffel epitomises the situation in his description of the conference before the Ardennes offensive in December, 1944.

> On one side of the room were the commanding generals, responsible and experienced soldiers, many of whom had made great names for themselves on past battlefields, experts at their trade, respected by their troops. Facing them was the Supreme Commander of the Armed Forces, a stooping figure with a pale and puffy face, hunched in his chair, his hands trembling, his left arm subject to a violent twitching which he did not attempt to conceal. . . .

One does not have to look far in German myth to find an analogy. But Siegfried turned on Mime and slew him. He did not remain submissively doing his bidding until the end.

MICHAEL HOWARD

Made To Be Broken

Portrait in Grey. By N. H. HIGNETT. *Muller.* 18*s.*

Prison is a place of retribution, wrote Norman Hignett in this angry but constructive book, "retribution in the stark, unrelieved, and uncompromising sense of the infliction of punishment by human judges, with limited insight into character and motives." As a solicitor of fifteen years' standing, he was sentenced to six years' imprisonment for "fraudulently converting" his clients' money; and it was with a trained legal mind that he observed, for the first time in his experience, the human condition in prison. Having then, after his release, written this remarkable testament, he committed suicide under the shadow of a probable return to prison for a further offence of fraud.

His assertion that prison is a place of "unrelieved retribution" may seem an overstatement (it is, in fact, not typical of this careful book) that does far less than justice to many prison visitors, to the people who organise educational and recreational classes and lectures in the prisons, to the local librarians who stock them with books, to the Ministry of Labour men who plan the courses in the training prisons, and to the Prison Commissioners themselves in their constant struggle, among archaic physical conditions, to improvise, to adapt, to humanise, and to give effect to hamstrung schemes like the 1948 plan for "Corrective Training." It also disregards the function of prisons to keep socially dangerous persons away from their potential victims, and the possibility (to put it no higher) that it deters from further or imitative crime; after all, 80 per cent. of first offenders don't go back for more. But to the sensitive person in prison, all this may well serve, by the cruelty of paradox, merely to sharpen the agony, humiliation, and despair. All the emphasis in Mr. Hignett's book is on the perennial contrast between precept and practice; as a caption to every picture he offers of what imprisonment is really like, he sets out the relevant extract from the Prison Rules to show what it is officially meant, or piously hoped, or cynically pretended to be like.

The result, which is inexpressibly shocking, is the clearest detailed account of prison conditions to have been written since the war. One example must suffice:

> By Rule 8 of the Prison Rules, 1949, it is provided: "At every prison there shall be a reception board consisting of the Governor and such other persons as the Commissioners determine, who shall, as soon as possible after his reception in prison, interview every prisoner, and consider what arrangements are to be made for his training . . ."

There follows Mr. Hignett's account of the staccato "interview" itself. Single or married? Any children? Wife standing by you? Right: about turn—quick march. "The interview is over.

The Economics of European Air Transport

STEPHEN WHEATCROFT. "This book will prove an essential component in the equipment of everyone seriously interested . . . whether from an operating, an accounting, or a policy making aspect. . . . It provides the best compendium of clear thinking on the subject which has yet been compiled—and in many places the only reference available."—*from the foreword by* PETER MASEFIELD. *Illustrated.* 35*s. net*

The German Novel

ROY PASCAL. This account of the major German novelists, Goethe, Keller, Stifter, Gotthelf, Raabe, Fontane, Kafka and Thomas Mann, assesses their place in the general stream of European novelists and shows how their work reflected and moulded the character of German life. 30*s. net*

Manchester Merchants and Foreign Trade

Vol. II, 1850-1939

A. REDFORD. "The student of history who traces the emergence and development of . . . policies through the records of Parliament and the biographies of statesmen will be pleased to have access to a survey of the same course of events seen through the eyes of a deeply involved section of the trading community."—*from the foreword by* SIR RAYMOND STREAT. 30*s. net*

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C. R. CHENEY. The 1955 Ford Lectures, here revised and extended, are concerned with English Church Government, 1170-1213, a critical period which saw great changes and the establishment of enduring traditions. 18*s. net*

The Yao Village

J. C. MITCHELL. A study of the political importance of the village in the life of one of the major peoples of Nyasaland. The author is Professor of African Studies in the University College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland.
Illustrated. 30*s. net*

Fifty Years in Every Street

MARY STOCKS. Mrs. Stocks' history of the Manchester University Settlement which reflects the development of the social services in this country, has now been reprinted with an additional chapter by Brian Rodgers on the last ten years. "A vivid and readable book."—*Manchester Guardian.* 10*s.* 6*d. net*

The Leibniz-Clarke Correspondence

H. G. ALEXANDER (ed.). One of the major texts in the history of philosophy of science, the Correspondence has not been reprinted in full in English since 1738. Relevant passages from Newton's *Principia* and *Opticks* are appended. *Philosophical Classics Series.* 16*s. net*

MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY PRESS

The 'arrangements for training' have been made."

You can do this sort of thing with many kinds of human experience governed by printed rules, from National Service to life in a home for children, old people, or mental defectives. I once saw a man relieving his comrades' boredom in an Army canteen by standing on a chair and reading aloud the Mess and Canteen Rules. His audience howled with laughter, and when he got down half the men were crying helplessly. As one reads Mr. Hignett's thoughtful and intelligent proposals for prison reform—he sets them out in an Appendix that puts his book in a class by itself among prison literature—one needs to keep constantly in mind this unbridgeable chasm between what may be prescribed and what is easy or profitable in human behaviour.

For my part, as I studied his model Rules, I kept in mind also his declared belief (which I share) that "there is a pressing urgency upon us all to re-think both the ethics and the practicability" of the problem whether there must always be prisons. All his Rules could be circumvented by what he calls "the closely knit trade-unionism of prison officials" and the absence of any effective supervision from outside it. He had an original and practical mind, and I wish, as many of us will do, that he had offered proposals by which these ghastly grey homes of misery could be superseded for ever.

C. H. ROLPH

A Game with Rules

Escape from Germany. By AIDAN CRAWLEY. *Collins.* 16s.

It was far worse for a "terror-flyer" to be taken prisoner by the Germans than for a soldier, not because they treated the R.A.F. exceptionally badly, but because airmen were pitchforked into captivity, while soldiers usually slid into it. An airman was not one of thousands trawled up after a strategic defeat. He fluttered down horribly alone upon the very people whom he had just been bombing, and at a few hours' notice exchanged his own bed in his own country for a German prison bunk. His incentive to escape was cumulatively so strong, says Aidan Crawley, that every other activity was subordinated to it.

He was a prisoner-of-war himself and frequently escaped. A little figure occasionally perches on the shoulder of "an officer" in the text leading the eye to a footnote. "This was, in fact, the author himself." But most of his narrative, which in a longer and confidential version was originally compiled for the Air Ministry, is based on notes written by his fellow prisoners just before or soon after their liberation. Their accounts must have varied enormously in style and degree of detail, but Mr. Crawley has so transformed and added to them, that his book sounds a consistently true note, and is in no sense a mere anthology of escape-stories nor a textbook for escapers. It is the semi-official record of a "highly organised campaign" in each of the R.A.F. prison camps in Germany.

"Escape," he says, "is a game with rules," and if he who played it can call it a game, so perhaps may others who did not. It is a game of snakes and ladders. A lucky throw sends you up twenty squares; an unlucky one, and you tread on the viper's head. There is suspense and bitter disappointment, but seldom a sense of disaster. With the ghastly exception of the incident at Stalag Luft III, of which there is a full account, the Germans did not shoot recaptured prisoners. They locked them up, and exhibited the tunnels which they had failed to detect with the pride of a Nanny showing off the mud castles of children whom she has just sent in disgrace to bed. They were less interested, and so are we and Aidan Crawley, in what happened to the escapers once outside the camp. It is not the hazardous route to the frontier, but the rectangle of sand bounded by barbed wire, which presents the classic challenge. "Through, over, or under?" "Under," by tunnelling, was the classic answer. "Through" by disguise and sheer effrontery, produces some of Mr. Crawley's best stories. "Over" was always a clumsy third.

The last quarter of the book happily spills over the strict limits set by the title, and describes those enormous shunting marches of thousands of allied prisoners away from the advancing Russians towards the advancing Americans, and then back again, until the disorganised mass wobbled uncertainly in the narrowing corridor between. Some of Mr. Crawley's most moving passages describe how the prisoners slowly realised that the initiative was passing from their guards to themselves. They reminded me of the increasing obsequiousness of hotel porters, as the guests' luggage reappears in the hall downstairs.

NIGEL NICOLSON

Week-end Competition

No. 1,373

Set by M. P. Brutus

The usual prizes are offered for an extract from a speech made shortly after the death of Nero, Jenghiz Khan, Henry VIII, Cromwell, Louis XIV or Robespierre, denouncing the personality cult. Limit 150 words. Entries by July 3.

Result of No. 1,370

Set by Bimbo

Negotiations are in progress that may lead to reciprocal tourist arrangements between this country and the U.S.S.R. Competitors are invited to submit an extract from a Travel Agency blurb designed to encourage class-conscious and/or cultured Russians to spend their holidays in the United Kingdom.

Report

"Ten days in the capitalist jungle of Britain for 200 roubles. Visit the new housing estates, cardboard Potemkin villages, built to deceive the British workers"—that, of course (from Guy Hadley) was the voice of Moscow, the Out-tourists' invitation to a horror-tour of the West: so was Lakon's proposed programme for Sunday evening: "Decrepit clergy administering opium of the people to a handful of bourgeois in churches built for thousands, while workers shiver in streets and drinking-dens." How different was the chatty, informal anxious-to-please tone of the British travel industry, coaxing our Russian friends towards these islands by giving our national institutions a tactful coat of red: "Buckingham Palace, residence of Elizabeth II, friend of Comrades Bulganin and Krushchev" (George Baker). Conscientious attempts were made to anticipate the visitors' demands, though now and again there was a suspicion of a tongue in a cheek. I liked D. H. M. Cook's proposed "coach-trip to Highgate Cemetery to see the tomb of Marx and grave of the unknown Anti-Stalinist"; J. R. Till's offer to produce "the oldest surviving chess-master."; E. C. Jenkins's invitation to the "famous Cowes Regatta (for the Frogmen's Derby)"; but I am not sure T. St. Rivers wasn't going a bit far in offering an "introduction to genuine English peer of the realm—5s."—guaranteed *not* a Labour creation?—or "genuine introduction to Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge—2s." Two guineas each to Frank Sinclair, Stanley J. Sharpless and Vera Telfer (with a nice piece of British Travel Association prose). Runners-up: J. R. Till, E. C. Jenkins, Guy Hadley. A special word of thanks to Katy for her reference to ". . . its peasants (or Archers, as its country folk are known)".

. . . . Include a trip to Scotland. Follow the route of Comrade Malenkov to Alloway, birthplace of the celebrated poet of the people and protagonist of peace, Robert Burns, whose verse is loved . . .

Frae Murmansk tae Sevastopol
An' Pravda, Trud, Izvestia, all
Extol it.
He's kent as weel in Kremlin hall
As Harry Pollitt.

Then north to Glasgow with its unassuming Metro, and proud history of anti-intervention against the young Soviet state. And beyond, to Loch Lomond, famous in song, with the ever-familiar birches sloping down to the water, and on the west bank a perfectly delightful micro-hydro-electric station. . . .

FRANK SINCLAIR

INTOURISTS! OUTTOURISTS! It is every comrade's duty to visit Marx's adopted Motherland, our historic ally, Britain . . . land of feudal charm, stolid peasantry and output-conscious workers. You will thrill to the British Museum Reading Room, Highgate Cemetery, the Old Curiosity Co-operative, and the medieval stronghold of Buckingham Palace (the British Kremlin). Did you know London, too, has an Underground Railway?—well worth visiting for its curious capitalist murals. Meetings will be arranged with typical Britons, including the Editor of the *Daily Worker* and the genial old Communist Primate of All Engelsland (affectionately known as "The Ancient C. of Canterbury.")

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

A holiday in Great Britain will give you a better appreciation of your own country. You must see Deptford and the cradle of the mighty Red Navy, Highgate and the carefully tended tomb of Karl Marx, the British Museum where Lenin toiled and planned. You can travel on London's popular classless Underground system. The Welfare State is your servant. The policeman is your friend. You will never forget English cooking and you will enjoy Scottish. Every hotel, vast or modest, has all bedrooms microphone-free. Visit Shakespeare's home at Stratford and Ayrshire, the Burns country. Audiences with Harry Pollitt gladly arranged on production of your passport.

VERA TELFER

City Lights

Going, Going, Gone !

June is three-quarters past, and a summer drowsiness is creeping over the City. The bids for Trinidad Oil and Scottish Motor have kept its lazy interest for the past few weeks: both, barring unexpected hitches, now seem to have gone through successfully. The government cannot find it in its heart to object to the Texas Co.'s offer for Trinidad Oil, and Mr. Vos is to get £50,000 compensation for loss of office. Two small points of interest stick out from the affair. One is that Trinidad Oil could produce crude oil at something between 4-7 times the Middle East price and still make a profit. The other is the check to Continental speculation against sterling produced by the thought of a $180m. addition to the gold reserve.

The Sears' bid for SMT ended with more of a bang. Mr. Fraser's counterbid looked slightly better so far as dividends were concerned. But it came rather too late and it looked rather too uncertain. Market prices were putting Mr. Clore in the lead again by the week-end, and he clinched the matter with an offer of 1s. extra in cash for shares received by Monday. Mr. Fraser countered with 1s. on his side, but it needed more than 1s. to put him in the lead. On Monday, Sears announced that its offer had become unconditional, implying—since nobody is anxious to be a large minority shareholder on these occasions—that it had gained control. The City was inclined to take the announcement as a somewhat risky bluff until Sears announced categorically that it had gained control, with acceptances (not counting its existing holding in SMT) amounting to 53 per cent. of the capital. Unless Sears has managed to acquire a large holding through the market, it looks as if there will be a sizeable minority interest in SMT. The directors are still bravely determined to

Company Meeting

MARKS AND SPENCER LIMITED

TURNOVER AGAIN A RECORD—OVER £118,000,000

CONTINUED EXPANSION AND MODERNISATION OF STORES

"ST. MICHAEL" A GUARANTEE OF GOOD VALUE AND HIGH STANDARD

The thirtieth Annual General Meeting of Marks and Spencer, Ltd., was held on the 14th June at 82, Baker Street, London, W.1.

Sir Simon Marks, D.Sc. (Chairman and Joint Managing Director), who presided, said: It is my sad duty to report the death of one of our senior colleagues, Mr. Leo Amery. He joined the Board in January, 1936, and, apart from the war years, he remained a member of the Board until his death last September.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Profit for the year, after tax, amounts to £4,955,000—an increase of £486,000 on last year. Taxation requires £5,175,000 against £4,800,000. With £2,515,000 brought forward, there is available for distribution £7,470,000.

The Board recommends a final dividend on the Ordinary and "A" Ordinary Shares of 32½ per cent. which, together with the interim dividend of 17½ per cent., makes 50 per cent. for the year against 45 per cent. last year.

£2,000,000 is to be transferred to the General Reserve bringing it up to £10,536,000. The total Reserves of the Company, Capital and Revenue, amount to £33,886,000.

GENERAL SURVEY

There was a further substantial increase in sales. The turnover exceeded £118,000,000 against £107,000,000 last year.

The history of our business since the end of the war is a record of uninterrupted progress, which has kept pace with the rising prosperity of the community. Ten years ago turnover was a little over £26,000,000 and the profit, after tax, £1,176,000. Our stock of goods and materials at cost have risen from about £1,000,000 to a little over £12,000,000. The properties and fixed assets which in March 1947 stood in the books at £8,250,000, now stand at £43,500,000 after revaluation in 1955.

Many factors have contributed to this remarkable expansion but, above all, it is due to concentration upon the simultaneous development of our merchandise and our stores.

MERCHANDISING POLICY

Throughout the post-war period, our merchandising policy has been governed by official schemes. The Utility Scheme dominated the scene until 1952. It was succeeded by the "D" Scheme, which released our initiative to develop our own materials, specifications and original styles of garments.

Our achievement in raising the quality, value and attractiveness of our goods is the result of a combined effort in close co-operation with our manufacturers.

We are engaged in a continuous study of developments in the textile field which will enable us to bring better and finer materials as rapidly as possible into the service of our public.

We specify or control the production of our fabrics from yarn to final garment. We are thus concerned with any new developments which may lead to improved or more desirable fabrics. New techniques are being evolved to improve the traditional fabrics, such as cotton, wool, and rayon. Of special interest to us is the growing influence of new man-made fibres. Nylon and Terylene are now making their appearance on a commercial scale. Until quite recently their share in our total sales was small, but it is now steadily growing. Nylon in particular is becoming a most important factor in our increasing business.

99 per cent. of our textile goods are made in Great Britain from yarn to garment. Our brand name, "St. Michael," is a household word, and a guarantee of good value.

Our Food Division, which is an important section of our business, specialises in a highly selective number of food items. We aim to satisfy the large and growing demand for quality foodstuffs at reasonable prices. In this policy we enjoy the co-operation of our leading producers. As the public well knows, we attach the greatest importance to hygiene and cleanliness in the production, handling, and counter display of foodstuffs.

PRICE POLICY

In the emergency Autumn Budget of last year, the "D" Scheme was superseded by a straight purchase tax of 5 per cent. on the wholesale value. This increased the proportion of our textile merchandise bearing tax from 30 per cent. to 80 per cent. We bore a considerable proportion of this tax ourselves by maintaining prices unchanged for some months. We estimate the cost of this tax in the present year, will amount to some £4,500,000 or £1,750,000 more than under the "D" Scheme.

We decided that a prompt re-examination of costs was called for to see how, despite the tax, we could maintain our prices at the pre-budget level at least. A continued upward drift of prices, if unchecked, could only lead to a further inflation of the national economy. The vicious circle of prices and wages would continue with its baneful effect on our economy, and on the value of the pound.

Our manufacturers have shown that they are in agreement with us as to the wisdom of this policy, and they are co-operating with us most readily, and we have been able to lower our prices to the public over a wide range of goods. In so doing, we have maintained the same standards of quality upon which our reputation has been built.

STORE DEVELOPMENT

In my speech last year, I told you that we had set in motion a considerable programme of building and development work. The lifting of building controls had enabled us, for the first time since before the war, to draw up a systematic plan for the extension and improvement of our stores. I said that the investment required would be large.

We were, at the time, negotiating with the Prudential Assurance Company to borrow an additional £4,000,000. This was finally agreed in the middle of July 1955.

Our application for approval to make a Debenture Issue was submitted to the Capital Issues Committee on the 22nd July, three days before the speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the balance of payments situation. He appealed to business firms to slow down investment not of the greatest national urgency. The Capital Issues Committee asked us whether, in the light of the Chancellor's appeal, we needed to raise the proposed sum at the present time. The Board decided not to proceed further but to revert to our policy of financing our development from our own resources.

We had, however, embarked on the first stage of an extensive programme. In the past year, we actually spent some £6,500,000, the largest sum we have ever invested in store development in any one year. There is a balance of work, amounting to approximately £2,500,000 to be completed during the current year, and we shall shortly be examining new projects.

In the past year we have rebuilt and reconstructed some 25 stores. This year we hope to complete the rebuilding of the last three of our bombed stores.

Since the war, the sum spent on our development exceeds £25,000,000, all of which has been found from earnings. The bulk of this represents the cost of rebuilding and reconstructing many stores on much more spacious lines.

Our volume of business indicates that the millions of customers who throng our stores each week find them pleasant and attractive places in which to do their shopping.

TRIBUTE TO MANUFACTURERS

We have, over the years, developed with our manufacturers a spirit of mutual understanding and confidence. We have learned to appreciate each other's special problems, and to deal with them in the most practical way.

I express our appreciation at the splendid co-operation of our manufacturers.

TRIBUTE TO STAFF

Each year I am privileged to ask you to join me in paying tribute to our staff. Our continuing success owes much to their loyalty, devotion and skill.

In the past year substantial increases in wages have been awarded, new scales have been introduced which have given much satisfaction. Apart from high standards of pay and annual bonuses, your Board is always concerned with the happiness and well-being of the staff. We provide the appropriate amenities, which help to create pleasant working conditions, comfortable lounges where they can rest and relax, attractive dining rooms where good meals are available at very low prices, are all at their disposal. To this service alone the Company contributed some £750,000 in the past year.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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Company Meeting

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES

Efforts to Absorb Rising Costs
Sir Alexander Fleck on Automation

The 29th annual general meeting of Imperial Chemical Industries Limited was held on Thursday, June 14th in London.

Sir Alexander Fleck, K.B.E., D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S. (the Chairman), presided, and in the course of his speech said:

The value of the Group's consolidated sales increased from £352 million in 1954 to £411 million in 1955. The corresponding manufacturing and trading profits, after charging depreciation but before taxation, increased from £49½ million to more than £56 million.

The Company made record sales and profits during the past year. The increased turnover, together with continuing improvement in manufacturing efficiencies, might well have been expected to result in a further increase in profit margins. The manufacturing and trading profits have, however, not risen as much as could be expected from the increase in sales, because of the heavy additional costs incurred during 1955 on freight, raw materials, wages and salaries. The policy of the board is to absorb increased costs where possible, and to pass on to customers a substantial share of any savings in costs due to improved efficiency. The prices of "Terylene" titanium and some of the newer organic chemicals were, in fact, reduced in 1955, but price increases for many of our older established products could not be avoided.

Competition overseas was even keener than in former years. Although the value of the Company's exports was again a record, prices were in the main below the level of those ruling in 1954. It is clear that the continuing expansion at which we aim will be jeopardised if there are further substantial increases in the prices paid by us for materials and services which cannot be counterbalanced by improvements in our manufacturing methods.

Technical Development

I should like to comment, in the light of our own experience, on the arguments and fears which, as judged by the many comments recorded in the Press from all types of sources, centre in that ungainly word "Automation." Although the word is new, the ideas behind it are not. For decades we have been applying schemes of advanced mechanisation backed by effective instrumentation, together with increasing use of automatic controls. Many of our processes already operate continuously, and it is largely by developing the application of the most up-to-date technical knowledge that we have been able to raise our productivity so rapidly. Without the continuance of such advances in general efficiency we could not hope to compete in the markets of the world and expand our export trade.

With full employment, it is self-evident that any broad advance in standards of living must depend upon a reduction in human effort relative to the results achieved. In general, this can only come by applying new methods, of which electronic equipment and servo-mechanisms are recent examples. I stress again, therefore, that automation is not new, but merely the continuing extension of a process which has for long been a normal feature of our operations. In our industry we certainly do not regard these changes as revolutionary, nor do we think they are likely to cause unemployment or other major difficulties. The steady growth of employment which has taken place in the Company confirms this view. For the country as a whole I would go further. Employment will only be maintained if British industry keeps abreast of the world in technical efficiency. This means not only the extension of automation but continued heavy capital expenditure.

It is axiomatic that progress must involve change. We believe it is possible for management to ensure that the necessary adjustments are so made, and so timed, that individual hardship is avoided, or at least minimised. It is for management and the leaders of organised labour to explain fully what is taking place, so that these progressive changes are made as smoothly and effectively as possible, to the benefit of all. In this connection I regard the proper and adequately full use of joint consultation at all levels in our organisation to be of the greatest importance.

From the figures given in our Report, and from my remarks today, you will realise that in the Company we regard the long-term future with confidence and look forward to the profitable expansion of the Company's business.

The report and accounts were adopted.

take Mr. Fraser's offer (though their holdings are negligible) if it appears. Mr. Fraser's position is now a little difficult. He never seems to have been desperately anxious to acquire SMT. He can have no reason at all for wishing to be a large minority shareholder in it. If he still goes ahead with his offer, of course, there is always the possibility that it will be accepted by Mr. Clore.

Smaller bids are still going on as usual. The connoisseur may be interested in that of Mecca for Hammersmith Palais.

* * *

Stock markets are still quiet. Oil shares have been the only really bright point, with interest spreading out from Trinidad Oil to other companies, partly through the sporadic reappearance of American buyers, partly as a result of the reinvestment of profits from Trinidad Oil. While markets are quiet, the effect of this sort of reinvestment could be considerable. It may already be making itself felt in the revival of the Kaffir market.

The gilt-edged market has been particularly morose. The sharp rally a couple of weeks ago was not followed through, and when buying stopped prices drifted. Buyers are continuing to wait for the large conversion issue which must now be very close. More than £800m of 2½ per cent War Bonds have to be redeemed by mid-August, and the Government is expected to announce its plans within the next week or two. The main thing, particularly in the middle of a credit squeeze, is to pay out as little cash as possible, to tempt investors to convert their maturing bonds into a new issue. To make the temptation irresistible would be expensive (particularly since the government has bought in less of the maturing issue in advance than is usual on these occasions); but if it is not sufficiently attractive, cash has to be paid out and a large part of the conversion issue taken up by government departments, the arrangement being financed by a fresh inflationary sale of Treasury bills. The authorities have to compromise: and, in compromising, they have to choose between offering a high rate of interest (to attract banks and other financial institutions) or a sizeable discount in the issue price (to draw industrial investors and surtax-payers). This choice, in turn, depends on a number of things—the sort of investors who still hold the maturing bonds, the strength of their own financial position in the summer and early autumn, the degree of control they are willing to exercise over the banks, and the general pattern of monetary policy over the months ahead. The last-minute grooming of the market has not begun yet. But it is noticeable that short-dated bonds have resisted the general weakness of prices, and have at times actually risen. The market obviously reckons that the conversion operation will be difficult enough in itself, without combining it with an attempt at long-term funding, and that its main impact will be on short-dated stocks.

* * *

The authorities have not risked weakening the market still further: the flow of local authority issues has become a trickle. The only issue since the Bristol loan (which remains at a persistent discount) has been a £1m private placing by Warwickshire. The terms of this placing were expensive enough—a 5¼ per cent issue at 98¼ against the 5 per cent Bristol issue at 98½—but the money has been borrowed for only 8-9 years, and at the moment it is more expensive to borrow short.

It is interesting, by the way, to notice that restrictions on local authority spending and the cost of raising money are now making themselves apparent in the applications for loan sanctions. In the first quarter, sanctions granted amounted to £155m, against £168m in the first quarter of last year. The total will fall still further as the local authority housebuilding programme (which amounts to three-quarters of all their capital expenditure) falls off.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 345. Doyen of British Chess

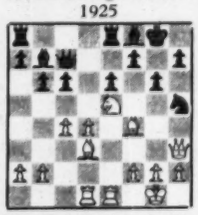
I doubt if anyone at any time has done more for British chess than Sir George Thomas, in his own quiet way, has been doing for many a year. His 75th birthday is a welcome opportunity for innumerable well-wishers to hope for such beneficial activity long to continue. It was fairly late in life (and after a most distinguished career in other fields of sport) that Thomas began to devote his principal interest to chess; and he was getting on for his mid-fifties when, at Hastings 1934, he triumphed over quite a galaxy of grandmasters. In the last round he merely had to draw with Mitchell to secure the undivided first prize. When he lost that game he said that his old friend fully deserved the win and that he for one felt much happier sharing rather than gaining premier honours. What was more, he meant it. Withal, sharing 1st-3rd with Flohr and Euwe, ahead of Capablanca, Botvinnik and Lilienthal, was no mean achievement for a man of 53. At 66 (in British Championship) he won this game in youthfully exuberant style.

(1)	P-K4	P-K4	(16) Q-Kt2!	Q-Kt3
(2)	Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(17) Kt-Q2	QR-Q1? (Kt-B5!)
(3)	B-Kt5	P-QR3	(18) P-Kt5!	Kt-R2
(4)	B-R4	Kt-B3	(19) Kt-B3! (P-B6?)	P-Q5
(5)	Q-K2	P-QKt4	(20) P-B6!	B-B1
(6)	B-Kt3	B-K2	(21) Kt-K5!	KtxKtP
(7)	P-B3	O-O	(22) PxKt	RxKt
(8)	O-O	P-Q3	(23) P-Kt6!	P-Q6
(9)	P-Q4	PxP	(24) PxP ch	K-R2
(10)	KtxP	Kt-QR4	(25) BxP ch!	RxB
(11)	B-B2	P-B4	(26) PxP	P-B5 ch
(12)	Kt-B5	BxKt? (R-K1!)	(27) K-R1	BxP
(13)	PxB	P-Q4	(28) QxB ch!	KxQ
(14)	P-KKt4!	P-R3?	(29) P – Q ch	K-R2
(15)	P-KB4	R-K1	(30) R-B7 ch	resigns

Rather more typical for Thomas's usual positional style, is his win against Spielmann at Carlsbad 1923.

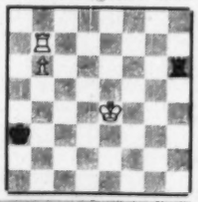
(1)	P-K4	P-K4	(21) Kt-K2	Kt(3)-R4
(2)	Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(22) KtxKt	KtxKt
(3)	B-Kt5	P-QR3	(23) K-R2	QR-Q1
(4)	B-R4	Kt-B3	(24) P-Kt3	Kt-K3
(5)	Q-K2	P-QKt4	(25) Q-K3	R-Q3
(6)	B-Kt3	B-B4	(26) P-KB4!	PxP
(7)	P-B3	P-Q3	(27) PxP	KR-Q1
(8)	O-O	O-O	(28) P-B5	Kt-Kt4
(9)	P-Q3	B-KKt5	(29) QxP	KtxP
(10)	B-K3	Q-K2	(30) Q-K3! (PxKt?)	Q-K4 ch
(11)	QKt-Q2	Kt-Q1	(31) K-Kt2	PxP
(12)	P-KR3	B-R4	(32) PxKt	R-Kt3 ch
(13)	BxB	PxB	(33) K-R1	RxR
(14)	Q-K3	Q-Q3	(34) RxR	PxP
(15)	Kt-R4	Kt-K3	(35) R-KB1	R-Kt2
(16)	Kt-B5	Q-Q1	(36) Q-B4	Q-K1
(17)	Kt-B3	BxKt	(37) QxBP	P-K6
(18)	QxB	P-Kt3	(38) BxP ch	RxB
(19)	Kt-Kt3	Kt-B5	(39) QxR ch	QxQ
(20)	QR-Q1	Q-K2	(40) RxQ and wins	

A: Sir George Thomas 1925



B: F. J. Prokop 1943

C: N. D. Grigoriev 1938



The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which White forced the issue very neatly. **B**—White to draw (and with a very neat "echo" too)—should be easy enough for 6 ladder-points, and **C**—a win and worth 7 points—is a most instructive study. Usual prizes. Entries by July 2.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 342. Set June 2

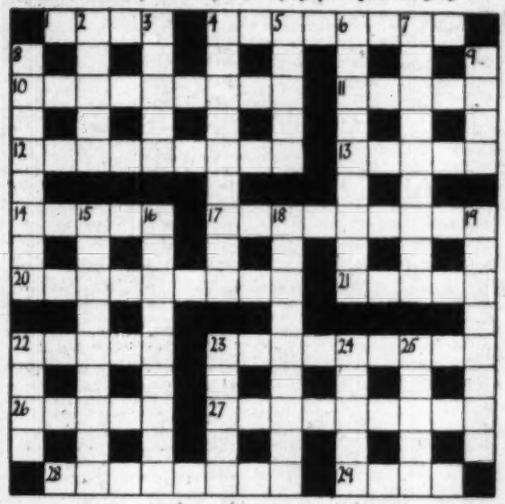
A: (17) . . . Kt x P ch. (18) P x Kt, Q-Kt4 ch, and . . . B-B1.
B: (1) Kt-Kt3, K x Kt. (2) Kt-Q2 ch, K-B6. (3) Kt x B ch, K-Kt6. (4) B-B1! K x P. (5) K-B7, Kt-R3 ch. (6) K-Kt6, Kt-Kt5. (7) Kt-B5 mate. But *not* (1) Kt-B3? B x Kt. (2) Kt-K5 ch, K-B6. (3) Kt x B, K-Kt6, etc.
C: (1) R-Kt1 ch, K-Kt7. (2) P-B4! P x P. (3) P-R7, R-Q5 ch. (4) K-Kt5, R-Q1. (5) R-Kt2 ch, K-Kt6. (6) R-Kt1, P-B6! (7) R-KB1, P-B7! (8) K-Kt6, K-B6. (9) K-Kt7, K-Q6. (10) R-QR1! (P = Q?), K-B6. (11) R-KB1! K-Q6. (12) R-QR1! etc.
If (2) P-R7?, . . . R-Q1. (3) P-B4, P = Q. (4) R x Q, K x R. (5) P x P, R-QR1, etc.

This was quite an uncommonly difficult lot, and the only perfectly flawless solutions came from W. H. L. Brooking, D. E. Cohen, A. J. Roycroft, C. Sandberg. They share the prizes.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 204

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 204, N.S.&N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on July 3.



ACROSS

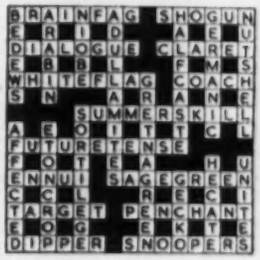
1. The nymph in the choir (4).
4. Facilities for quartering, but draw the line at torture (8).
10. Foreigner who disguises the realities (9).
11. Count them an object of superstition (5).
12. The return of a dictator makes a start to the references (9).
13. "If hopes were dupes, fears may be ——" (Clough) (5).
14. Give me this pick-me-up for a cycle (5).
17. Aphrodite as she appears when wasted away (9).
20. An artist has sufficient power with a Baltic love (9).
21. Gets rid of outhouses (5).
22. Field for the expert (5).
23. Flower to force before the spring (9).
26. The last among the home games (5).
27. What the pack has to do for a meal (9).
28. Quickest to run away from a match (8).
29. Favourites show pace when backed (4).

DOWN

2. The song for a king (5).
3. Sextets love French poetry (5).
4. Undershaft's wife is a native of these islands cut short by a trading place (9).
5. Plants revolutionaries all round the East (5).
6. Animals—the answer containing what is evasively polite (9).
7. Stirring heart akin to a queen (9).
8. Huge carriage with fantastic movement (8).
9. Friends for a novelist (4).
15. Matchless negative and plainer when developed (9).
16. Palace hit appearing as Moslem rule (9).
18. Change stole over an American (9).
19. Forlorn, with deformed sole held in the palm (8).
22. The third line of seats gives the bird (4).
23. Dark sailor in rear half of crew's quarters (5).
24. Trenches with a large number of generals in them (5).
25. Wipe out an age half seen (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 202



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 202

R. M. Hetherington (Hong Kong), Miss B. Hamer (Leeds, 8), Mrs. John Owen (London, W.1).

PERSONAL

MOTHER, son 20 months, requires any kind of job during August. Caretaking, gdn., animals, mother's help etc. Box 5476.

YNG. man offd. Riviera villa hol. Aug. Car transp. Low shared cost. Box 5123.

MONTH'S holiday, August, with pocket money, in modern flat Bognor, offered in return for some assistance with light household duties and two children. Box 5281.

FRENCH girl, 21, seeks situation "au pair" 6 months, start August. F. Traclet, 19 Cemetery Road, Pudsey, Leeds.

AU pair. Young woman or girl, experienced rider, wanted in small children's home, 45 kilometres Paris, to help tutoring, riding, light housework, not less than three months. Write Madame de Sède, Monthyon, Seine et Marne, France.

INDIVIDUAL tuition reqd. in general subjects of education for young lady who has missed a great deal of schooling. Box 5508.

YOUNG mother (daughter 20 mths.) skilled dressmaker, ex-music/lang. student, needs resident post, pref. N.W.3. Interested food-reform, Neill, etc. Domestic, nursery school, any work considered. Box 5514.

BACHELOR Socialist (35) sks. congenial comp. (m.) Bavarian Schloss July 29-Aug. 12 inc. Travel & board abt. £35. Box 5563.

ARTIST, bach.,* 34, desires get to Copenhagen July as cheaply as poss. Box 5565.

PAYING Guest. Wd. family take charming young Portuguese 2/3 months? Young society and facils. for games. Write/phone Scribes, 3 Anderson St. S.W.3. KEN. 0575.

FOR France: Nursery Governess under 35, good diction, kind, energetic, sense of humour, for French boys aged 8 and 10 attending day school. Live as family, light household duties. 2 staff. Box 5553.

FRENCH boy (16), home Amiens, wishes earn summer holiday keep with English family. Good with younger children. Write Naomi Lewis, c/o N.S. & N.

LOCARNO—Swiss Riviera: 2 last-minute vacancies small private party flying out July 21. 2 wks. wonderful hotel, 42gns. inc. Write: 69 Marylebone High St., W.1.

PROF. young lady (foreign) welcs. suggs. original Cont. Aug. holiday. Box 5421.

HELP (mainly cooking) reqd. Continental hsehld. 2 adults, N.W.2. 3 hrs., 5-day wk., pref. afnoons. Well pd. GLA 7730 evg.

FOR children 2-10 yrs. old. Wooden climbing frames, for in or outdoors, available again from Paul & Marjorie Abbott, 94 Wimpole St., W.1.

ITALIAN lady seeks exchange hospitality Rome (Winter), London (September 7-16). Write with details: Mrs. Rosita Lanza, Via Circo Massimo 7, Roma.

COCKAIGNE camp tour: Aug. 18-Sept. 2. Geneva, Riviera £30. PRI 4068/Box 5469.

OXFORD grad. & fiancée (both teachers) req. job together July-Sept. Box 5467.

FREE course of Bible study. Mrs. Scott, Netheridge, Elm Drive, Leatherhead.

SPINET for sale, 5-octave; £75. View W.5. Box 5400.

PRIVATE schooling wanted for 12 years son (adopted age 3) of senior civil servant. Attractive child, healthy, good accent, not unintelligent but immature, wayward and irresponsible, enuretic, responds affection. Home Counties day or weekly boarder, but alternatives considered Christian circumstances & strict reputability essen.—Box 5375.

HUNGARIAN and Austrian conversation exchange required by Englishman. South Kensington. Box 5629.

ITALIAN hospitality offered girl exchange one month. Noble, 42 Lansdowne Road, W.11. BAY. 1745 (GRO. 6022 day).

YNG. cple. sk. seats car Barcelona early Aug. ret. 14 days. Exp. shd. Box 5568.

PARIS (poss. further) up to 3 places in car. 2 wks. from June 29. PRI. 7481.

RETREAT for writer or artist in N. Wales mountain cottage. V. clean. Plain ckg. Long periods only at mod. charge. Box 5559.

IS there a Nursing Home near London where people, though old, are still sensitive & intelligent, and are not bullied by the nurses or served with uneatable food? Box 5367.

TYROL (Mieders) house to let from Aug. 20. Glacier view. Mod. con. Box 5408.

RUSSIAN lessons: individually, small classes, correspondence. Box 5478.

YOUNG woman, daughter 1½, will care for children on holiday. Mrs. A. Gransden, 48 Ladbroke Grove, W.11. PAR 6614.

INTELLIGENT girl required, over 21 yrs., to live as family. 3 children. Light household duties. Box 5517.

CO-DRIVER wanted for Hillman conv. going S. of France, Italy, beg. of July for 3-4 weeks, share expenses. Box 5454.

RIVIERA French, flat wanted for month September (approx.) for 2 people & child. Payment Sterling. Saxon, 3 Finchfield Gardens, Wolverhampton.

UNDERGRAD. (m.) 35, seeks vac. job Central London, July & August. Box 5521

BALEARICS: exch. lovely 4-rm. apt. for Lond. acc. Aug. &/or Sept. Box 5522.

ITALIAN conversation lessons required. Central London. Box 5516.

LADY desires work passage India. Suggestions? Box 5495.

TENOR sks. singing, piano teachers, accompanist wkly. practice London. Box 5595.

GRAD. (f.) 27, sks. companion (f.) for cheap Italian hol. 3 wks. Sept. Box 5594.

ONE seat in Riley for Vienna, then Austria-Germany tour, Aug. 7-29. Share driving. Box 5626.

VENICE: 2/3 seats Velox dep. night July 19-Aug. 6. Tel.: BIS. 8082.

THREE seats offered in large car to South of France, Italy and back early Sept. on share expense basis. Box 5540.

FREE holiday in Palma to young man, fluent Spanish, willing to conduct air party, August. Box 5534.

ANGLO-Italian family wishes exchange mid-Aug. to mid-Sept. large airy flat in Rome (4 bed., 3 rec., 2 lge. terraces, fine view St. Peter's, Janiculum) for house (to accommodate 5) & garden in England. Home counties or S. Manchester area prefd. Mrs. Jucker, V. Robecchi-Brichetti 6, Rome.

CORNWALL. July 28-Aug. 11. House party, Porthcurno, £18 incl. Road travel. PRI. 4068. Box 5468.

BOYS & Girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, now at the Manor House, Bradninch, Exeter. Eliz. Strachan, Hele 390.

FOUR original paintings (signed), Vanessa Bell still life £12; Henry Lamb landscape £12; Robert Medley Thames £9; Nigel Lambourne Bullfighter £9. Box 5570.

TOURING Switzerland from Aug. 25 for 10 days. Want couple as co-driver and share expenses. MAI. 9024 evenings.

COSTA Brava, Blanes, Spain. Several flats and villas still to let for first fortnight July or either fortnight September. Details: Dr. C. Cooper.

HOSPITALITY and care for convalescence or for aged or disabled. Garden-drawing-room, lovely house. HAM. 2281.

OXWICH Bay Children's Camp. August 3½gns. p.w. Children over 11. Particulars Tony Gibson, 52 Elsworthy Road, N.W.3.

SUMMER Holidays for Children. Trained supervision. Principal, Thanet House School, Callis Court Rd., Broadstairs.

TO Spain without luggage to carry. Our couriers see to it! Escorted journey—independent holiday leaving weekly from July 1. New Vistas Travel, 99 Uxbridge Road, Hampton, Middx. Molesey 2105.

ALONE for your holiday? Join one of our Friendly Air Travel Tours to the loveliest resorts in Central Europe or Palma. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, London, W.11. BAY. 5916.

SUNNY Italy. Try the Adriatic coast where hotels are cheaper. Wonderful bathing. Our expert advice will help you choose where to stay from list of hotels personally inspected by Independent Travel Service, British Rep. in Italy. June/Sept. from 17s. 6d., July/Aug. 27s. 6d. per day. Write I.T.S., 114 Wigmore St., W.1.

POLLENSA Bay, Tossa de Mar. Additional accommodation has been reserved for you at new hotels which will open on July 1. You can still book your holiday for July, Aug. & Sept. in those hotels which have been personally inspected by our representatives. 15-day hol. by rail to Tossa (including private shower) from 35gns., by air from 59gns. 15-day hol. by rail to Pollensa Bay (including private bath) from 42gns., by air from 58gns. Vacancies are also available on grand conducted coach tour of Spain from 51gns. Apply for full details to See Spain, Ltd. (Dept. NS), 78 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. MUSeum 9351/2.

ITALIAN Sunshine Bargain. Enjoy a gay and inexpensive holiday at Cattolica, our centre on the Italian Adriatic. Excellent bathing and sightseeing possibilities including Venice, Ravenna, Urbino. Party dep. July 22, August 5, 19, Sept. 2. Individual dep. Sundays up to Sept. 9. 15 days holiday from £31 15s. Erna Low, 47 (NS), Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

FINLAND, a tour of the Thousand Lakes, August 4 to 22. Yugoslavia by Swiss Pullman coach, September 1 to 18. Persia-Mesopotamia October 3 to 24. Accompanied by University Lecturers. Apply Academic Tours, 32 Redcliffe Road, S.W.10. FLA 0708.

ITALY.—A few vacancies July 29 & Aug. 26. Florence—Pisa—Siena—Rome, 15 days 36gns., or Florence—Pisa, 11 days 29gns. Tuscany & Venice, 15 days 38gns. dep. Aug. 12 only. Details (s.a.e. please) E. T. Association, c/o World University Service, 59 Gloucester Place, W.1.

LAST minute Continental Holidays. Not mass produced but individually arranged as, and where you wish. Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. Tel.: WHI. 4114-5.

PAINTING & drawing in unspoilt country within reasonable distance of London, Week-ends or longer. Beginners or more advanced, but essen. serious workers. Box 5364.

CORSICA, Majorca, Sardinia, Tossa, Torremollinos (Malaga), Portugal (Oar). A 15-day sunshine holiday by air to any of these finest Mediterranean Paradise holiday resorts or to Portugal on specially advantageous terms, thanks to forward contracts. Prices from 44gns. all inclusive of air fares, board and accommodation. Also a grand Mediterranean luxury air cruise to Corsica and Majorca for only 65gns., and a France-Spain leisure tour embracing the French Pyrenees, Andorra, Tossa, Barcelona and Montserrat for only 54gns. Elkan Allan, the B.B.C.'s armchair traveller, writes: "I went on a Horizon holiday myself last year. My honest advice is that if you're considering going to any of the places mentioned—and they are all wonderful places—the best plan is to go with Horizon Holidays." See why. Write or 'phone for 52-page lavishly illustrated colour brochure with 5 maps, to Dept. 26C Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CITy 7163.

EXCITING new tour of Central European capitals. Vienna—Budapest—Prague. By rail to Vienna and thence by motor coach. Conducted throughout. Dep. Sundays Aug. 5 & 19, Sept. 2, 14 days inclusive cost 47gns. Full details from: Fortravel, 80 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. Tel. CITy 4500.

JOIN friendly grp. by air to Majorca, Ibiza, Yugoslavia, Interlaken, San Sebastian, Black Forest or Stresa. Aug. only. Tours fr. 15 gns. Organr., 209 Westmount Rd. S.E.9.

RUSSIAN-speaking registered guide avail. conduct tours to Russia. Box 4049.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

CONTINENTAL girls sk. domestic posts au pair or full time. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St., S.W.3. KEN. 1586.

HUMANISM is a faith for the modern world. Partics.: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. WES. 2341.

PAYING guests' accom., also exchanges in good homes wanted for foreign children & students, seaside/country. Educational Touring Service, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

FOREIGN girls, domesticated & willing, immed. avail. short/long stay. Educ. Touring Serv., 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

MANNEQUINS. Any girl contemplating a career in modelling will receive a frank (and free) assessment of her chances in an interview with Lucie Clayton. Brochure. 449 Oxford St., W.1. MAY. 0667.

SPANISH Dancers whose footwork lacks fervour: retain your inspiration with a glass of Duff Gordon's El Cid Amontillado Sherry. Puts zip in your zapateado. Olé!

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—the ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1gn.-5gns. a box. One quality the best! Write for catalogue. Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sx. Wivelsfield Green 232-233.

FRENCH families welcome English girls into their homes in exch. children's care & light housewk. Service International d'Echanges, 148 Walton St., S.W.3. KEN. 1586.

GRAMOPHONE records from the Soviet Union. New supplies just received: Folk Music from Russia and Autonomous Republics; Operas, Classical Music and Dialogue, at normal L. & S.P. Prices. Send 6d. for complete list to Collet's, 44 Museum St., London, W.C.1. Audition room for personal shoppers.

PERSONAL—continued from p. 745

ASTLEYS of Jermyn St. (108/111), S.W.1. Briar pipe specialists. Your briar pipe (any make) reconditioned & cleaned with pure alcohol, 3s. plus 9d. postage, any quantity. (Foul pipes are injurious to health.) All repairs, new stems, etc. We purchase Meerschaum pipes. Write for price list.

TO Sorrento or Southend with Exclusive Holiday Wear from Vince Man's Shop, 8 Newburgh St., Regent St., W.1. GER. 3730. Open 7 p.m. Thurs., 3 p.m. Sats. New 24-page catalogue sent on request.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines for hire from £1 monthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins. WEL. 6655 for details.

SAVILE Row cut clothes for men of discrimination. We offer you a suit made to order. Individually cut and tailored in the West End manner. In pure worsted materials from 21gns. H. R. Roberts, 10 Lower John St., Golden Sq., London, W.1. GER. 4085. A member of the Bespoke Tailors' Guild.

DO you suffer from nerves? Try Nerve Manipulation, a therapy of proved value in conditions of nervous tension, strain and stress, anxiety, irritability, insomnia, fatigue, exhaustion and physical debility. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck Street, London, W.1. Tel. WELbeck 9600. Ask for brochure. Recommended by the medical profession.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Gardens, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

MR. Robert St. John sees private and clinic patients for the Bates System of Visual Re-education in London and Liverpool. 72 Gloucester Place, W.1. WEL. 4042.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Road, N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

GUITAR lessons. Few vacs. Alexis Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd. S.W.10. FLA 4354.

RICHARD Conwell (B.B.C., Countryman, etc.) can now take few pupils short story course. Personal tuition, modern methods, moderate fees. Send MS. for free criticism & prosp. West St., Kilkhampton, N. Cornwall.

"KNOW-HOW" brings you Writing Success. No Sales—No Fees. Send for Free N.1. "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond St., London, W.1.

WRITE for Profit. Send for interesting free booklet. The Regent Institute (Dept. E/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

P.S. Harold Ingham invites you to add your name to his mailing list for his 1957 programme of "Summer Schools Abroad," ready January. In acknowledging your enquiry he will send a copy of his 1956 programme for your information (there are still, by the way, a very few vacancies, this year, in parties to Barcelona, Lausanne, Vienna, Naples). Harold Ingham, Ltd., 15 St. John's Rd., Harrow.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

ARTS Graduates for Work Study. Geo. Bassett & Co., Ltd., manufacturing confectioners, employing over 2,800, have vacancies for Arts Graduates, graduating or completing National Service this year, as Production Study Trainees. These vacancies offer a good introduction into industry for non-technical graduates. After a short but intensive period of training in the factory the trainee will be sent on a suitable Work Study Course. He will then join the Production Study Department and his duties will consist of carrying out analytical studies of operations to ensure that the most effective use is being made of materials, labour and equipment. The company has a progressive and enlightened attitude towards modern managerial techniques and there will be many opportunities for advancement, not necessarily in Production Study, for a graduate who shows the right aptitude. Necessary qualifications are a good Arts Degree with an interest in human relations and a suitable personality. Excellent commencing salary offered plus profit-sharing bonus and pension schemes. Reply in confidence with full details of career to the Managing Director, P.O. Box No. 80, Sheffield.

CAMBRIDGE House. Applications are invited from single men for the residential post of Assistant Director of Group Activity which will be vacant on September 1. The salary is £200 per annum, plus board and accommodation valued at £208 per annum. The appointment will be for not more than two years, and offers practical experience to a young man taking up social service as a career. The duties will include helping with the running of the Boys' Clubs and Community Centre, with special responsibility for the Old People's Clubs, together with routine administration and accounts. Application forms from the Head of Cambridge House, 131 Camberwell Road, S.E.5.

ABERDEEN Association of Social Service. Experienced Case Worker required. Social Science Certificate or Diploma essential. Salary by arrangement. Superannuation. Applications with full information, and names of three referees to the Secretary, 38 Castle Street, Aberdeen, by June 30, 1956.

GRAD. tutor Comm. Entr. Maths. Sept. Girls' tutorial estab. morns. 12-wk. terms. French, G.C.E. Maths. helpful. Box 5070.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

H.M. Treasury: The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for (a) two posts of Economic Adviser, and (b) one or two posts of Economic Assistant. The appointments are initially for five years (or less by arrangement). Age on July 1, 1956: post (a) at least 30; post (b) at least 22 and preferably under 30. Candidates must have at least a Second Class Honours degree in Economics or a related subject. For post (a) experience in teaching Economics or in an economic advisory capacity is expected. Applications for post (b) will be considered from those taking their degrees this summer. Salary (according to age and experience): post (a) £1,415-£1,755 (men), £1,317-£1,625 (women); post (b) £580-£1,050 (men), £970 (women). Women's pay being improved under equal pay scheme. Salary scales and conditions of service are under review. F.S.S.U. applies. Particulars and application form from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4597/56/8. Completed application forms should be returned by June 29, 1956.

YORUBA Historical Research. Applications are invited from Honours Graduatees for the following posts under the Yoruba Historical Research Scheme sponsored by the Government of the Western Region of Nigeria: (1) Research Fellow in History; (2) Assistant Research Fellow in History or Anthropology. For Research Fellow previous experience in historical research essential and for both posts candidates must be able to speak Yoruba fluently. Salary scales: Research Fellow: £1,300 × £50—£1,650 or £900 × £50—£1,200; Assistant Research Fellow: £900 × £50—£1,200 or £750 × £50—£850 per annum. Grade and point of entry dependent upon qualifications and experience. Appointment for three years in the first instance. Child allowance for up to three children £50 per annum per child. Passage for appointee, wife and up to 3 children under 11 years if appointed abroad. Gratuity at 10% of salary. Applications (six copies) stating age, full qualifics. & exp. and naming three referees to be received by the Director of the Yoruba Research Scheme, c/o London Representative, University College, Ibadan, London, W.C.1, not later than July 16, 1956.

THE Architectural Association School of Architecture. First Year Master. The Council of the A.A. invites applications for the post of First Year Master. Salary £1,100 per annum. Starting date September 24, 1956. Applications must be submitted by July 23 to the Secretary, A.A., 36 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1, from whom particulars of the appointment may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY College of the Gold Coast. Applications are invited for Lectureship in Economics. Salary scale £950 × 50—£1,600 p.a. Family allowance £100 p.a. per child (max. £500 p.a.). Outfit allowance. F.S.S.U. Passages for appointee, wife and maximum of 5 children, on appointment, normal termination and leave. Part-furnished accommodation at rent not exceeding 7.5% of salary. Detailed applications (6 copies) naming three referees by July 14, 1956, to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Sq., London W.C.1, from whom further partics. may be obtained.

THE University of Sheffield. Department of Extramural Studies. Applications are invited for a post of Staff Tutor to be principally concerned with the teaching of Industrial Relations/Economics to trade union students. Candidates should have a good Honours degree in an appropriate subject. Initial salary on the scale £550 × £50—£650, with F.S.S.U. provision and family allowance. Further particulars should be obtained from the Registrar to whom applications (6 copies) should be sent by July 7, 1956.

LINCOLNSHIRE (Holland) Education Authority. Applications are invited for the pdst of Organizing Teacher at H.M. Borstal Institution, North Sea Camp, near Boston. The man appointed will be expected to teach classes of illiterate and backward boys and organise the programme of educational classes in the camp. Quarters are available for a married man without family. Salary, Burnham Scale, plus a special responsibility allowance of not more than £100 p.a. Forms of application and further particulars can be obtained from County Education Officer, County Hall, Boston, Lincs.

DELROW House, Hilfield Lane, Aldenham, Nr. Watford, Herts. Housemistress (resident) required for Home Office school (for 37 girls aged 13-15 years on admission) situated in attractive surroundings near London. The person appointed will be expected to give assistance generally in the training of the girls, orgnising their leisure activities (particularly at the week-end) and carrying out escort and after-care duties. If possessing a recognised qualification commencing salary (according to age) on scale £450-£620. If without recognised qualification there will be a salary bar at £570 p.a.). Deduction of £113 p.a. for board and accommodation. Subject to Local Government Superannuation Scheme. Applications to Headmistress, Delrow House, Hilfield Lane, Aldenham, Nr. Watford, Herts.

ADDITIONAL workers are required by Family Service Units for the extension of its intensive family casework service for "problem families." Resident and non-resident. Men and women. Resident salary scale £250-£25-£500 plus full board and residence. Children's allowances. Special training provided. Apply in writing to the Secretary, 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires Talks Producer (Sound Broadcasting) to work in Topical Talks Unit on Current Affairs programme including "At Home and Abroad" and "Topic for Tonight." Essential qualifications; wide interests and high level of education, preferably to University standard and including good knowledge of Current Affairs; ability to keep abreast of the news and to take part in preparation and production of talks reflecting public affairs; ability to act on own initiative as well as in collaboration with others. Candidates should have grasp of responsible news values and editorial standards. Salary £975 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,280. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "1853 N. Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, W.1, within five days.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE Education Committee. Slough College of Further Education (Principal: R. Edgar, M.Sc., M.A.). Applications are invited for the post of Senior Lecturer in Management Studies. Candidates should be prepared to offer at least two subjects in the Management Diploma range. Salary will be paid on the Scale for Senior Lecturers in the Report of the Burnham Committee on Scales of Salaries for Teachers in Establishments for Further Education—at present £1,065 × £25 to £1,215. Appl. forms and further particulars from Principal, William St., Slough, to whom completed forms should be returned not later than June 29.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Social Study. Applicants should preferably have a degree in Sociology with an interest in Social Administration, which they should be capable of teaching at undergraduate and post-graduate level. Research experience would be an advantage. The appointment will be in Grade II (£650 to £1,350 p.a. with efficiency bar at £900) or Grade III (£550 to £650 p.a.), according to age and experience, with F.S.S.U. and family allowances. Applications, with the names of three referees, should be sent by July 7, 1956, to the Registrar, The University, Birmingham, 15, from whom further particulars may be obtained. G. L. Barnes, Secretary, The University, Birmingham, 15.

BRITISH Library of Political and Economic Science, London School of Economics (University of London), Houghton Street, London, W.C.2. Assistant Librarian with qualifications in Russian. Applications are invited from persons with a good knowledge of Russian for a post in connection with the library's collection of East European material. Applicants should be graduates (preferably in the social sciences); library experience or training is also desirable. Salary according to experience and qualifications in the range £550-£1,150 (salaries now under revision). Further particulars from the Librarian, to whom applications should be sent not later than June 28, 1956.

PSYCHOTHERAPIST required by London County Council for 6 sessions a week at the Province of Natal Welfare Centre, Guilford Place, W.C.1. Applicants should possess an honours degree in psychology or the Mental Health Certificate and have undertaken specialised training in psychotherapy including analysis with children. Salary £648 a year. Four weeks annual leave. Application forms from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D 1/1170), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, returnable by July 4.

DERBYSHIRE County Council. Psychiatric Social Worker, female, required to work with the Consultant Children's Psychiatrist and Senior Educational Psychologist in connection with the Authority's Child Guidance Service and Hostels for Maladjusted Children. Whitley conditions of service and salary (£495 × £15—£510 × £20—£550 × £25—£750). Superannuation. Particulars and application forms are obtainable from Dr. J. B. S. Morgan, County Medical Officer, County Offices, St. Mary's Gate, Derby.

THE International Friendship League is seeking a suitable man for the post of National Organising Secretary. He will be required to manage the Head Office of the League, which consists of a staff of 3 to 4 people. The work of the office includes: organising foreign travel; membership records; elementary book-keeping; the production of a yearly holiday brochure and other publicity work. Public speaking ability and knowledge of French and German an advantage. Salary range: £600 to £800 p.a. Commencing salary depending on age, experience, qualifications. Applications to National Chairman, International Friendship League (OS.1), 3 Cromwell Road, London, S.W.7.

LABORATORY Technicians. Boys and girls who are leaving school this year and are interested in becoming Chemists, can begin their careers in the Production, Analytical or Research Laboratories at B.D.H. Facilities are provided for further education with leave during working hours to attend approved part-time day courses while the work provides valuable practical experience with satisfactory rates of pay. Applications for interviews are invited especially from those who have completed a VIth form course. Please write to the Senior Personnel & Education Officer, The British Drug Houses, Ltd., Graham St., City Road, N.1.

PART-time tutors in English required for Italian boys (mornings only) at £4 per week. Central London. Box 5117.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON Clinic, 60 Cobalt Therapy Unit. Whole time or 2 part-time women physicists requred for work in the above unit. Experience with radioactive isotopes and other branches of radiotherapy physics is an advantage, but if necessary successful candidate or candidates would be trained. Apply to The Director, Radiotherapy Dept., London Clinic, Devonshire Place, London, W.1.

OXFORDSHIRE Education Committee. Treatment Hostel for Maladjusted Children, Banbury. Applications are invited for the posts of Warden and Matron. This hostel accommodates 15 children ages 7 to 11 years and is used in conjunction with the Child Guidance Service. Experience with maladjusted children essential as the persons appointed will be required to carry out specialised environmental psychiatric treatment. The posts are pensionable and subject to satisfactory medical report. Salaries. Warden: £345 × £15 to £390 p.a. plus residential emoluments valued at £220 p.a. Matron: £315 × £15 to £360 p.a. plus residential emoluments valued at £220 p.a. Applications will be considered from married couples for the wife to act as Matron and for the husband to continue his normal occupation but to be allowed free board and lodging in return for assistance with supervision in the evenings and at week-ends and school holidays. Application forms to be obtained from the undersigned to whom they should be returned within 14 days of appearance of this advertisement. A. R. Chorlton, Director of Education, County Offices, Oxford.

DERBYSHIRE County Council. Social Worker (female) required in the Child Guidance Service. Duties will include fact-finding and arranging social measures under the supervision of the Child Psychiatrist. The Conditions of Service for Miscellaneous Classes of Officers will apply. Salary (misc. Grade III). £445 × £15—£490 × £20—£510. Superann. Particulars and appl. forms from Dr. J. B. S. Morgan, County Med. Officer, County Offices, St. Mary's Gate, Derby.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required for full-time appointment with L.C.C. for duty at two schools for maladjusted children. The duties will mainly involve visiting the children's homes in London. Candidates must hold the Mental Health Certificate of L.S.E. or the P.S.W. Certificate. Whitley Council salary (£495—£750, plus London Weighting of £30 at age 26) and conditions apply. Further particulars and appl. form from Medical Officer (PH/D.1/1123), County Hall, London, S.E.1, returnable by July 2, 1956.

POST-Graduate, Social Studies, offered family casework experience with highly qualified supervision in Grade A Voluntary Agency. Generous maintenance grant. Successful candidate will be appointed for one year, but period might be extended. Particulars to Gen. Sec., Sheffield Council of Social Service, 155 Norfolk Street, Sheffield, 1.

WILTSHIRE County Council, Education Department. Applications invited for superannuable post of local Youth Service Officer (Second) at Chippenham to work with existing Officer and to have scope in developing club activities. Recognised training and experience essential. Salary £490-£575 per annum. Further particulars and application form obtainable from the Director of Education, County Hall, Trowbridge. P. A. Selbourne Stringer, Clerk of the County Council.

ASSISTANT Wardens required for: (a) Rehabilitation centre near London for temperamentally unstable men; (b) Boys' Hostel in Cambridge. Commencing salary £4 10s per week, live in, all found. Apply to S.O.S. Society, 24 Ashburn Place, S.W.7.

WOOLWICH Council of Social Service requires caseworker for Personal Service and C.A.B. Work. Knowledge of social legislation and experience in welfare work essential. Part-time post: £300 p.a. Applications, with copies of testimonials, to the Secretary, W.C.S.S., 71 Rectory Place, London, S.E.18.

TIME and Talents Association requires Warden (woman) with initiative and good social work experience. Post involves general responsibility for all the social work undertaken by the Association, including experimental work in Bermondsey and on an L.C.C. out county estate. Residential accomm. provided. Salary according to exp. Appl. forms from Sec., 187 Bermondsey St., S.E.1.

SHORTHAND Typist, with experience of social work and/or publications, required by National Marriage Guidance Council. Married woman preferred. Hours 9-5 no Sats. Written applications, stating age, experience and salary required, to General Secretary, N.M.G.C., 78 Duke Street, W.1.

JNR. Shorthand/typist required July, S.W. London. Unusually interesting work as well as routine for intelligent, quick-learning girl. Knowledge music & languages desirable. Apply Box 5466.

EDUCATED women are offered posts with short hours as temporary typists and shorthand typists at good rates of pay. St. Stephen's Secretariat, 2 Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2, and 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

EASTMAN Dental Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1. Holiday relief clerk/receptionist required July-Sept. Salary according to age and experience (£318 at age 21, up to £422 if older). Apply in writing to the Secretary and Finance Officer, stating when available.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

APPLICATIONS are invited for an appointment as a field representative, male or female, for the Guild of Insurance Officials. Age range 25-30. Applicants should preferably have some knowledge of the work of the Guild of Insurance Officials or a comparable organisation. Salary in accordance with the negotiated scale. A non-contributory pension scheme is in operation. Applications to the Joint General Sec., marked (F.R.), Guild Headquarters, 7 St. Thomas St., London Bridge, S.E.1.

LONDON Council of Social Service wants shorthand typist 2 days a week, £3. 7 Bayley St., W.C.1.

RESPONSIBLE, well-educated secretary/shorthand-typist required by well-known theatre management. Box 5480.

PART-time shorthand-typist reqd. 3 hours daily. Permanent. Non-commercial. Pleas. working conditions. Phone KNI. 2566.

SALES Assistant. Interesting post for a young woman with artistic appreciation, intelligence and good appearance. Experience not essential. Box 5474.

WANTED, young lady to conduct house to house sales of interesting children's educational materials and games. Pay is 50% of profits—payable after each day's work. No travelling exps. given. Box 5347.

EXPERIENCED Assistant Cook required for St. Julians. Woman with child over 5 accepted. Wages by agreement. Community with restaurant, child care. Interview London or Kent. Apply in writing: Secretary, St. Julians, Sevenoaks, Kent.

FOR Prof. family, working housekeeper, 40-50. Apply, stating exp. & salary reqd., to Holtom, Grosvenor House, Twickenham.

PART-time mother's help in doctor's family cent. London. Afternoons & evgs. free. Light hsewk. only. PRI. 3804. Box 5560.

SMALL international girls' school offers part-time post to lady (20-45). Light cooking and house duties. Own bed-sitting room and kitchen. Pax Hill, Bentley, Farnham, Surrey.

YOU can fill only one vacancy no matter how many others exist. Possibly we may have that one to suggest at Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

CAMBRIDGE M.A. (42) just returned from School Headship abroad, seeks responsible work of different character in or near Edinburgh. Warden Community or Adult Education Centre, University Hostel or Settlement; or teaching work considered. Box 5385.

WHO (if anyone) can use the part-time services of a young graduate linguist and qualified accountant without ambitions? London. Box 5504.

OPPORTUNITY for whole-time service charitable/similar work sought by Public School man. Considerable experience welfare administration. Box 5578.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"AFTER the Visit," by Quaestor; "No Automation Without Consultation," by Reg Birch; "New Times, New Measures," by R. Palme Dutt; "The Devil's Dilemma," by Ivor Montagu and "Constructive Co-existence," by Economists—all these appear in the June Labour Monthly. Order now, 1s. 6d. all newsagents. Or 9s. half-yearly postal subscription from N.S., 134 Ballard's Lane, London, N.3.

"END the Bans." An important new pamphlet for unity in the Labour movement, with a special interest for trade unionists, by John Gollan, General Secretary of the Communist Party. Now out, 3d. From progressive bookshops, or Central Books, Ltd., 2 Parton Street, London, W.C.1.

PROFESSOR Goodhart says we should acclaim Truman for Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Order pamphlet "Mr. Truman's Degree," by G. E. M. Anscombe, M.A., from W. H. Smith's, anywhere, 1s.

KINGSLEY Amis, Priestley, O'Casey, Brecht and John Whiting are all writing for "Encore," the radical drama review: 5s. yr. "Encore," P.O. Box 253, London, S.W.7.

THE Nation, America's leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £2 16s. 3d. yearly may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Specimen copy on request.

HEALTHY Childhood, by Jessie R. Thomson. Kindly guidance from infancy through school age. By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 3d. monthly from all newsagents.

I.F. STONE'S Weekly. This famous American liberal news letter is now avail. in Gt. Britain. An indispensable service for well-informed people. Available at 3gns. p.a. from Skyline Press, 2 Wilton Terr., S.W.1.

MUSIC you prefer when you prefer it with European Radio. Programme details of 25 continental stations with articles and pictures about the music and musicians. Fridays, 6d. Bookstalls/Newsagents. Or Europ Publishing Co., Ltd., 137 Blackstock Road, London, N.4.

A PENGUIN or a library bought. Van calls. Emphasis on Socialist bks./pamphs. Hammersmith Bkshop., Ltd., W.6. RIV. 6807.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

GERMAN books in 7 rooms. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHES Antiquariat, R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL. 7924.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. 'Phone BAY. 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

YOUTH House invites applications for residence from either sex (ages 18 to 35). Single rooms. International. Write to Secretary, 250 Camden Road, N.W.1.

DOUBLE & single bed-sitting rooms, all conveniences, on 1 & 8 bus routes, near Bakerloo line. 185 Willesden Lane, N.W.6.

COMFORTABLE room, human household, h. & c., chr., overl. gdn., 3gns. HAM 4840.

N. Lond. To let, Aug. 4-Sept. 8, attrac. s/c fur. flat. 3gns. p.w. Box 5396.

HIGHGATE, N.6. To let, July 28-Sept. 1, sml. s/c. flat, slp. 3/4. Box 5330.

WESTMINSTER, bed-sit. rm. in pleasant priv. house, Ckg. facs., cleaning, linen. Suit gentleman. 63s. p.w. Ditto smallish, 50s. p.w. Apply 23 Maunsel St., S.W.1.

LONDON teacher offers ground floor flat, garden, garage, sleep 5. July 14-Sept. 2. 4-6gns. per week. Barnes Common. Easy access museums & West End. Box 5488.

BLACKHEATH. Bachelor, 50, would share all elec. 4-room flat with anr. Box 5471.

ATTRAC. large sunny grd. floor rm. in Georgian house (1925), h. & c., kit., £3 17s. 6d., worth every penny. HAM 4840.

SWISS Cottage. Bright independent B/S., use k. & b. for female. Box 5589.

ATTRACT. furn. room priv. flat Maida Vale. Use k., tel. 2½gns. CUN. 1966.

MUSWELL Hill. Comfortably furnished family house to let July 26 to August 19. 5-6 beds. 43 Rosebery Road, N.10.

OVERLOOKING Hampstead Ponds. 2 furnished rooms, own kitchen cum bath, suit 1/2. 6gns. wk. 38 South Hill Park, N.W.3.

2 young men offer a third accom. in their flat. London, S.W.16 area. Visitor/student to Britain welcomed. Box 5256.

TO let 2-rmd. flat St. John's Wd. 4gns. wk. Share bathrm. & kit. with 1 other. Suit 1/2 yng. wom. PRI. 6847 bef. 9 a.m.

TO let, 4 weeks August, flat in block W.11. 8gns. weekly incl. gas, elec. Children welcome. Box 5537.

N.W.11. B/s. rm. for lady. £2 p.w. incl. heating, baths, linen. MEA. 3613.

HAMPSTEAD: large bed-sitting-room facing south over garden. Separate cooking & washing facs. & entrance. Suit business person. £3 10s. weekly. Box 5511.

ATTRAC. b/s. o'lkg. Sq. H. & c. Stove. Use bath, lin. Suit gent. Box 5519.

REGENT'S Pk. house with gdn., slp. 8; July 24-Sept. 20. Nom. rent. Box 5554.

FLATLET. Furnished; s/c., kit., bath, & roof garden. Free July/August/September. Suit 1 or couple. RIV. 8405.

W. Kensington. Attractive ground-flr. divan-room. Concealed basin & gas. No restrictions. RIV. 8405.

HAMPSTEAD Garden Suburb. 3 mins. Golders Grn. st. & Heath. Newly dec. furn. bed-sit. & kit. Use bthrm. SPE. 5374.

LARGE B/S., share k., bath, nr. W. Hamp. Stn. Suit yng. woman. MAI. 2355.

FULLY furn. flat, 2 rms., kitchenette, bathrm., garden, Battersea Park Rd. Suit 1 or 2 ladies only. £2 12s. 6d. p.w. 'Phone MACaulay 6950.

OVERLOOKING sea. Holiday flats, 8gns. weekly. White Lodge, Saltdean, Sussex. Rottingdean 2614.

COTTAGE in Bucks village to let July 29-August 26, £4 10s per week. Elsan, no bathroom, sleep three. Box 5455.

DUBLIN. Horse-show week. Delightful double bed-sitting room. Dunlopillo mattress. Radio, French window to garden. Meals as required. Box 5370.

HONITON, Devon. Furn. flat, sleeps 4, vac. fortnight from August 25. 3½gns. per week. Box 4579.

CARAVAN, Fairholm Leprechaun, well equipped on farm near Dartmoor, 6 miles W. Exeter. Suit married cple. Christow 277.

CARAVAN, 3/4-berth. Lovely private site 4 miles Soms. coast. 3gns. weekly, £20 whole summer Box 5605.

LECTURER wishes exchange modernised cottage July/Aug. Tarrant, Kippen, Stirlingshire.

SURGEON, wife & 2 chdn. over 11 yrs. req. hse./flat London area July 15-Oct. 31. Tel ACO. 2822. 40 Gunnersbury Ave., W.5.

YOUNG composer with piano seeks quiet room W.5/8/11/14 or S.W.5. Use tel. & kitchen essential. Box 5606.

YOUNG couple require flat in North London. August 25 to September 8. Box 5479.

CAMBRIDGE. Research student & wife sk. furn./unfurn. flat from Oct. Box 5487.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

FURNISHED flat nr. Baker St. One large, one smaller room, share bath. Approx. £5 5s. wk. Box 5464.

HAMPSTEAD (best part). Unique spacious self-contained studio flat, kitchen, bath, w.c., c.h., c.h.w., large veranda facing south, completely redecorated and newly furnished. 9½gns. View by appointment. Ring HAM. 4539, 8.30-9.30 a.m., or after 7 p.m.

S/C. furnished flat, 1st flr. 2 bedrms., lounge, kit., bath., tel., fridge. 6½gns. Ring WILlesden 1378 after 5 p.m.

REIGATE. Furn. flat in secluded mod. house, 2 bedrooms, large sitt.-room, bath., kit., c.h.w., telephone. Garage available. Beautiful garden, open views. 6gns. per week. Box 5399. Tel. Redhill 172.

SWISS Cottage. Excellent furnished Ground Floor Studio flat. 8gns. per week. Ellis & Co., Swiss Cottage Station. PRI. 0011.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Evgs. 7.30 (ex. M.), S., Sn. 5 & 8. "Off the Mainland." Mems.

UNITY: EUS. 5391. Polly. John Gay's sequel to Beggar's Opera. Fri. Sat. Sun. 7.45.

EVERYMAN HAM. 1525. Until June 24: Russian film of Twelfth Night (U). From June 25: Orson Welles in Othello (A.).

ROXY Rep. Cin. BAY 2345. June 24, 6 days. M. Brando On the Waterfront (A).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., June 23. Gate of Hell (A). 2, 4, 6, 8.15. Open to public.

THE Continental Club (late of Baker Street) proudly announces the opening of their new Club Centre and Espresso Lounge at 3 Circus Road, St. John's Wood, to be open every evening except Mondays for language practice and dances. Grand gala opening dance on Saturday, June 30, 8 p.m. Full particulars write Secretary.

MIDSUMMER dance and entertainment, org. by Central London Fabian Society. Sat., June 23, 6 Queen Sq., W.C.1. 8-11.30 p.m. Adm. 3s. 6d. Undergrnd. Holborn.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Sat., June 30, 8-11 "At Home" Dancing to Norman Jackson's Noveltones. Mems. 3s. Gsts. 5s.

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CONCERTS

WEDNESDAY, June 27 at 8, Royal Festival Hall. Symphony 104 in D—Haydn; Piano Concerto in B flat K.595—Mozart; Symphony No. 1—Brahms. London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Walter Susskind, soloist Denis Matthews. 3s. 6d.-12s. 6d. WAT. 3191 & agents.

INVITATION Piano Recital by Artist-Students of James Ching. Garth Beckett, Alan Booth, Elizabeth Dann, Olive Lewin, Joan Martin, Annemarie Scheltema, Barry Wells. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.2. Sat., July 7, at 2.30. Adm. free. No tickets. Prog. in advance, if desired, from 38a Hollycroft Ave., N.W.3.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints on show dly. 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. post free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Constantin Guys—Drawings from English and European Collections. Adm. 2s. 6d. in aid of The National Art Collections Fund. June 26 to July 31. Giacomo Guardi —Views of Venice. July 2 to July 31. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30.

FOLIO Society, 70 Brook St., W.1. Paintings and Prints by Grant, La Dell, Lambourne, Masterman, Rieser and Van Rossem. Monday to Friday, 11-6.30.

SLATTER, 30 Old Bond St. Exhbn. Dutch & Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke St., St. James's, S.W.1. Pntgs. by Colin Allen, Kenneth Long, Sheila Pratt, Ernest Zobok.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay Street, Soho, W.1. New sculpture by Peter King.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Patrick Heron; Mary Fedden; and Robert Macgowan. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Closes June 30.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Exhib. of paintings, sculpture & mosaics by seven contemporary Venetian artists. Mon.-Fri. 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closed Suns. Adm. 6d. Until June 30.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood, Soane Exhib. Adm. Free. Wkdays. 10-7, Suns. 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Stns.

CORSHAM Court, Nr. Bath. Open Wed., Thurs., Suns., April-Oct. Elizabethan; Georgian interior. Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters, 11-12.30, 2-6. 2s. 6d.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples. From May 17, The Evolution of Measures for the Promotion of the Nation's Health. Mon.-Friday 10-5. Adm. Free.

ZWEMMER, 26 Litchfield St. W.C.2. Francis Bott 1st Lond. Exhb. fr. June 12.

WILTON Gallery, Motcomb St., Knightsbridge. Come and see Ulrica Forbes's coloured drawings, compositions, nudes and portraits. 10-5.30. Suns. 10-6. Closing July 2.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Paintings by Roderic Barrett. Paintings by Derek Cawthorne.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. 40th Anniversary Exhibition. Modigliani, Chagall, Soutine, Epstein, etc. June 19-July 24. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Sun. 2-5.

R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall. "Design in Advertising." Work from 11 countries by Members of the Alliance Graphique Internationale. June 14-30. Open weekdays 10-7. Mondays 10-5. Adm. free.

CHARLES Howard: Paintings & Drawings. Whitechapel Art Gallery. Week-days 11-6; Suns. 2-6, closed Mons. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Paul Klee. Until July 21.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

REBEYROLLE—Paintings: organised by Marlborough Fine Art, Ltd., at the R.W.S. Galleries, 26 Conduit St., W.1. Closes July 7. 10-5, Sats. 10-7. Adm. free.

PICASSO. 50 years of graphic art. Arts Council Gall., 4 St. James's Sq. S.W.1. Until Aug. 5. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6. Tues. & Thur. 10-7, Suns. 2-6. Adm. 1s.

LONDON Museum, Kensington Palace. "The London Panorama" by Lawrence Wright. Wkdys. 10-6, Suns. 2-6. Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"NIGERIA in the New Commonwealth." Lecture by the Minister of Communications and Civil Aviation for the Federation of Nigeria, The Honourable Dr. K. Ozuomba Mbadiwe, M.H.R. After the lecture a short period will be devoted to the answering of questions. On Thursday, June 28, 1956, at 6.30 p.m., at Church House, Westminster. Chairman: Professor Kenneth Kirkwood, Rhodes Professor of Race Relations, University of Oxford. Doors open 6 p.m. Adm. free.

MOVEMENT for Colonial Freedom. Public Meeting. "The Problems of Kenya." Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Wednesday, June 27, 1956, 7.30 p.m. Speakers: Leslie Hale, M.P., Miss Eileen Fletcher (former Rehabilitation Officer, Government of Kenya), Tom Mboya (Kenya) and Joseph Murumbi (Kenya). The problems of Kenya have reached a stage where the British public should be aware of the terrible conditions under which the Kikuyu, Meru and Embu tribesmen have been subjected to both in the reserves and in the Concentration Camps set up during the Emergency. The speakers will also outline practical proposals for a solution to some of the problems of Kenya.

"KENYA, Past, Present and Future." Lecture by the Lady Eleanor Cole, a Kenya farmer of 30 years standing, at present visiting this country. Royal Empire Society Hall, Craven St., Strand, W.C.2, Thursday, June 28, at 6.45 p.m. Chairman, the Rt. Hon. Viscount Stonehaven. Admission free.

"THE Urgent Problem of Refugees." U.N. High Commissioner for Refugees, Dr. G. J. van Heuven Goedhart, will address a U.N.A. conference at Friends Meeting House, Euston Rd., Fri., June 29 at 6.15 Adm. free.

J. SONNTAG (Editor, "The Jewish Quarterly") "British Jewry Today." (Tercentenary—Resettlement of Jews in Britain). June 24, 11 a.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Adm. free. Free copy "Monthly Record" on request.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Thurs., June 28, 8-11 p.m. Angus Wilson: Readings and comments on his work by the author. Mems. 1s. 6d. Guests 3s.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sunday, June 24, 6.30. Music & Readings, 7 p.m. H. J. Blackham: "Belief in Nature."

ADLERIAN Society of Great Britain. "Loneliness," Mrs. E. Burchett. Thurs., June 28, 7.30 p.m. punctually. Friends' House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Non-mems. 2s.

THREEFOLD Yoga. Talks ev. Tues. 6.30 p.m., June 26, "Knowledge." Seymour Hall, Seymour Pl., W.1. Arr. Shanti Sadan.

PERSONALIST Group. J. B. Coates on "Martin Buber: A New Estimate." Conway Hall, Tuesday, June 26, 7.30 p.m.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Kingsway Hall, Holborn, Thurs., 7.30, June 28, Pandit Rishiram (Guest speaker) "Joy of Living." Suns. 5 p.m. 68 Dukes Ave., N.10. Gita. All welcome.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. (PARk 7379). Fri. June 22, 8 p.m. Mrs. M. Harari, "Recent Visit to Russia." Fri. June 29, 8 p.m. B. Elkin, "Turgenev in Russian Social History."

INTERNAT. Soc. for Socialist Studies meets June 27, 7 p.m. Friends House, Euston.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, at 6 p.m. June 30, Herr W. Grauberg, "In Gedicht Und Liebe" with gramophone records.

CEN. London Fabian Society. Wed., June 27, 7.30. "Freedom & Socialism," Benn Levy. 2 Bloomsbury Sq., W.C.1. Vis. 2s.

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Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd. Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1; Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.